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The Nation.
July 19-26, 1980 $1

EDITORIAL

IDENTITY CRISIS

Who is this Ronald Reagan? His conservatism is well-advertised, but one gets no sense of his identity. That, indeed, seems the significant common denominator between the candidate and his chosen running mate, the slippery George Bush. Identities can't be ghosted.

Across the page, E.L. Doctorow searches for Reagan's identity in his past, and it is probably symbolic of the malaise which so inflicts the Carter Administration that the only identity it has focused on is a gimmick—the national identity card, currently under study as a "solution" to the illegal alien problem. Consider its side effects:

§ A police officer could stop you at any time and demand to see your card. Using his walkie-talkie or his car radio, in a few seconds he could check your identity against the records in the computers of the Federal Bureau of Investigation's National Crime Information Center and use the results to detain you.

§ A police officer or other official could confiscate or threaten to confiscate your identity card, causing you great inconvenience.

§ For each identity card there would be a dossier on file in a national population registry.

§ You would no doubt have to present your card every time you cash a check, register in a hotel, travel by air or rail or purchase anything on credit. A permanent record of your movements could be readily compiled.

§ The cards might record arrests, convictions, treatment for mental illness, draft status, or status as a welfare recipient or hospital patient. This would save employers a lot of time in investigating job applicants.

There is no cause for immediate alarm, however. Even if the current discussion does produce an identity-card system, it would take quite a while to put it into operation. According to present estimates, it wouldn't be ready until 1984.

A TORY EDUCATION
Christopher Hitchens

PUBLIC T...
C.I.A. SHOW
John S. Friedman

THE IRAQ CARD
Fred Halliday

MOBIL VS. GASOHOL
Fred J. Cook

AGNEW'S APOLOGIA
Theo Lippman Jr.

'CORRECTION'
Richard Gilman

ARAB WOMEN
Irene Gendzier

DREAM CANDIDATE

THE RISE OF RONALD REAGAN

E.L. DOCTOROW

Ronald Reagan was born in 1911 in rural Illinois. His father, John Edward Reagan, was a store clerk and erstwhile merchant whose jobs took the family to such towns as Galesburg, Monmouth and Dixon—just the sort of places responsible for one of the raging themes of American literature, the soul-murdering complacency of our provinces, without which the careers of Edwin Arlington Robinson, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis and Willa Cather, to name just a few, would never have found glory. The best and brightest fled all our Galesburgs and Dixons, if they could, but the candidate was not among them.

The Reagans were a poor, close, hard-working family. With his older brother, Neil, Reagan sold homemade popcorn at high school football games and was charged with the serious business of maintaining the family vegetable garden. For many summers he worked as a lifeguard at Lowell Park on the Rock River in Dixon, pulling seventy-seven people out of the water by his own count and socking away most of his salary to make up college tuition.

The candidate attended Eureka College in Eureka, Illinois. He was no student. He had a photographic memory, and it was this trait, rather than application to books or innate cleverness, that got him through his exams. What really interested him was making the football team, pledging a fraternity, debating and acting in campus theatricals. But his priorities were correct. Eureka, a fifth-rate college, provided meager academic credentials to its graduates. But a third-rate student at a fifth-rate

(Continued on Page 82)

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LETTERS.

CAREY McWILLIAMS

A memorial service for Carey McWilliams was held July 10 at the Society for Ethical Culture in New York City. Tributes were delivered by Victor Navasky, Leonard B. Boudin, Joseph Aidlin, Robert Sherrill, Eleanor Jackson Piel and Wilson Carey McWilliams. In addition to the oral valedictions, numerous messages arrived from people all over the country whose lives Carey touched and enriched, including Gov. Jerry Brown and former United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young, and letters continue to arrive at The Nation *offices, some of which are published below. A transcript of the remarks delivered at the memorial service is being prepared and will be available to* Nation *readers in a few weeks for $1 (to cover production and mailing costs).*

The letters that follow serve as a sampler of the outpouring of tributes to Carey; they also serve to remind us that his life has cast a long shadow. In order more fully to explore his legacy, seminars will be held on both coasts this fall on the contributions Carey McWilliams made to this country through his life and his works. We will keep you abreast of our plans for these seminars as they go forward; suggestions and participation by readers are cordially invited.

—The Editors

Yarmouth Port, Mass.

The Yarmouth Port Public Library is getting a year's subscription to *The Nation* in memory of Carey McWilliams. The idea could catch on if his friends who owe him so much for sharing his thoughts through the years would similarly memorialize him around the country. I believe Carey would chuckle in approval. *Ed Hart*

New York City

Those who have been privileged to know Carey McWilliams are saddened at the passing of one whose talents were given so completely and uncompromisingly to the principle of fair play.

It is a reflection on our society that those who have assumed the heavy burden of defending the liberties of our 220 million citizens make up such an insignificant fraction of the population.

Occasional victories did not make Carey McWilliams complacent. He knew he could not rest on laurels since the danger to freedom was continuous.

It was this strong commitment that kept this great American going while there was strength left in his frame.

Paul O'Dwyer

Glen Cove, N.Y.

How does one express the loss felt at the death of a Carey McWilliams?

Although I never was privileged to be an intimate friend of his, we had many contacts during the 1930s in California, and later in New York.

I think his memory will always remain with me as that of the most tolerant and understanding person I ever met in what we used loosely to refer to as "the movement" in the 1930s. Beyond that, he, better than anyone, lived up to that fine slogan of the French Popular Front of 1934: No enemies to the left of us. *Harold J. Salemson*

KINDEST OF MEN

New Milford, Conn.

I worked eleven years for *The Nation* under Carey McWilliams, then editor. I leave to others—there will be many—to praise his public record as journalist and indefatigable champion of the underdog. I simply want to record that I found Carey to be the kindest, most considerate, gentlest of men. I did not think of him then, nor do I now, as my boss (as indeed he was); I can think of him only as a colleague who won and held my affection from the day I first met him. *Victor H. Bernstein*

Menemsha, Mass.

Carey McWilliams was that rare writer/editor who understood that a strong fact simply presented had a bigger bang than an explosive adjective, or three of them. He was a tireless seeker after knowledge. He might call you on a quiet afternoon and say: "I'd like to pick your brain for a few minutes." And when you were done with being flattered, you knew he meant business. He was after an elusive piece of information that would round out something he was writing, a clue to a source for confirmation of a lead he was pursuing.

When my fellow editor of the *National Guardian*, Cedric Belfrage, was faced with deportation for refusing to knuckle under to Joe McCarthy and his mentor J. Edgar Hoover in the 1950s, it was Carey who joined the battle at the beginning. When I left the editorship of the *National Guardian* in 1967, it was Carey who called, after a decent interval, he knew I needed to sort out my feelings, to offer me a place—the first one—to tell my story.

The thing we always knew about Carey was that when you were in trouble he was there, quietly but entirely. He was the finest kind of American radical.

James Aronson

COURAGE AND HONESTY

New York City

The death of Carey McWilliams was announced in *The San Francisco Chronicle* and I hope you will express to friends of Carey's on *The Nation* the deep respect for Carey that I've always had since I began to know him and his courage and honesty through reading *The Nation*.

I hope that there are other people around who can look at the events in this madhouse world with the perspective and humor that Carey had.

Jean G. Alinsky
(Past wife of Saul D.)

EMBODIMENT OF HOPE

Los Angeles

Carey was the embodiment of hope for so many people in so many things. He was a man who understood mankind.

And he understood a small part of mankind—me—when I came to him in 1971 as a fledgling writer with something burning to say, but without the words with which to say it.

He understood and was patient. A year and a half later, *The Nation* published what was my first serious magazine article, and that act gave me the faith I needed to be a writer.

The fact that I am now a writer is due in large part to Carey McWilliams. I, like so many millions of other people, cry over his death not so much in sorrow that a great man has died but because we will carry through the rest of our lives legacies of his, and debts to his spirit that can never be repaid.

Lewis Perdue

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CONTENTS.

Volume 231, No. 3

COVER
Editorial: Identity Crisis
Dream Candidate:
The Rise of Ronald Reagan — *E.L. Doctorow*

LETTERS
66

EDITORIALS
67 Koch Color Bind
68 Spill of Missed Opportunity — *Anne W. Simon*
69 *Un Año Libre* — *Elizabeth Farnsworth*
71 *Variations* — *Calvin Trillin*

ARTICLES
72 A Tory Education:
This Thatchered Land,
This England — *Christopher Hitchens*
73 Underwriting the Right:
Public TV's C.I.A. Show — *John S. Friedman*
77 The Baath Connection:
Playing the Iraq Card — *Fred Halliday*
79 Science as Propaganda:
Mobil-izing Against Gasohol — *Fred J. Cook*
80 Protecting the Retarded:
Willowbrook—Back to Bedlam? — *Aryeh Neier*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
85 Bernhard: Correction — *Richard Gilman*
88 Sale: Human Scale — *Jeffrey Gillenkirk*
90 Agnew: Go Quietly . . . Or Else — *Theo Lippman Jr.*
90 El Saadawi: The Hidden Face of Eve — *Irene Gendzier*
91 Morgan: Maugham — *David Finkle*
92 Films — *Robert Hatch*

Drawings by Robert Grossman

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EDITORIALS.

Koch Color Bind

In another of the Supreme Court's good-bad-news years, the good news was that the Court in *Fullilove* v. *Klutznick* turned away still another attack on affirmative action. This time, a Congressional program came under fire—the Public Works Employment Act of 1977, in which at least 10 percent of the Federal grants under a $4 billion local public works program had to be allocated to available, qualified minority businesses.

The reactions to the Court's 6-to-3 approval of the 10 percent set-aside program were predictable. Civil rights advocates let out their annual sigh of relief. New York City's Mayor Edward Koch, on the other hand, told an association of Jewish legislators that the decision was an "abomination," even though his Corporation Counsel had filed a brief supporting the program. Columnist George F. Will accused Chief Justice Warren Burger, of all people, of espous-

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ing "racism" in his opinion approving the program. And the writer Midge Decter extended her sympathies to black and female beneficiaries of affirmative action programs for the "self-doubts" and loss of "self-regard" that she is sure they suffer, "spiritually speaking," for their "unearned special privileges."

Koch, Will and Decter know whereof they shriek. The importance of the *Fullilove* decision cannot be overestimated. Despite ambiguities, qualifiers and the lack of a majority opinion (there were five opinions in the case, none of which commanded more than three votes), it is now clear that seven of the nine Justices think that race-conscious programs to overcome the effects of past discrimination are constitutional. The ambiguities and qualifiers could jeopardize some of these programs, but if Burger and Lewis Powell stick to their opinions, there are six Justices who will uphold almost any Congressionally mandated affirmative action program, so long as there is some factual basis for the legislative action.

Had the Court ruled otherwise, blacks and other minori-

ties and women would have been doomed to poverty for years to come. Despite some gains for a relatively small number, blacks are still mired in economic misery, and things are getting worse. In 1970, there were 750,000 unemployed blacks; the 1978 figure was 1.4 million and the 1980 recession has certainly made it worse. The black unemployment rate was slightly less than double the white rate in 1970, but almost two and a half times in 1978. In 1977, 26 percent of all white families had incomes below $10,481 compared with 54 percent of all black families; some 28 percent of black families earned less than the poverty level of $6,662 the following year. These disparities result from centuries of slavery, segregation and discrimination.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the construction industry. As the New York City Corporation Counsel argued to the Court: "Racial discrimination in employment in the construction industry has been rampant and relatively impervious to legislative and judicial remedy." The General Accounting Office, Congress's investigative arm, reported last year that resistance on the part of the craft unions, nepotism and inadequate enforcement by civil rights agencies have prevented minorities from noticeably improving their access to skilled construction jobs.

Against that background, talk about "special privileges," "color blindness" and "individual treatment" must provoke skepticism and suspicion. To insist on equal treatment for unequals is simply to perpetuate inequality. After so many years of irrelevant color consciousness, of an invidious special treatment and of discriminatory "group thinking"—much of it explicitly mandated by law—a demand that we suddenly become color-neutral smacks less of a concern for equality than of a rationalization for the status quo.

Nevertheless, a preference for minorities based on color is troublesome. For one thing, it arouses hostility in those passed over, though the burden of the set-aside considered in the *Fullilove* case seems to be rather light. At most, the program would account for only 0.25 percent of the annual total expenditure for construction in the United States. And though some opposition to affirmative action is dubiously motivated, there are many people who honestly find racial preferences offensive. The dissents of Justices Potter Stewart and John Paul Stevens in *Fullilove* rank among the bitterest in recent memory, with Stevens comparing the process of determining minority status under the set-aside program with the Nuremberg laws on Jews.

There really is very little choice, however. We have looked to color so much in this country, and with such devastating consequences to its victims, that it is hard to see how we can undo that damage without some compensatory preference the other way. And such preferences have solid historical precedent: the same Congress that proposed the Fourteenth Amendment in 1866 granted freed slaves special benefits to compensate for the effects of their years of bondage, despite opposition arguments that this unfairly favored blacks ove whites. As New York City's lawyer told the Court i *Fullilove*, "Less drastic means of attempting to eradicat and remedy discrimination in the construction industry hav been attempted repeatedly and continuously over the pas decade and a half. They have all failed." That's equally tru in other areas. And even where there is no discriminatory in tent, it is, in many situations, just too easy to hire white unless one is actually required to go out and hunt fo minorities. Until those conditions change, affirmativ action will remain a continuing, if troublesome, necessity.

Notice to Our Readers

The Nation's summer schedule is in effect during July and August. The next issue will be dated August 2-9.

Spill of Missed Opportunity

Ixtoc 1, the worst man-made disaster in the ocean, is all but forgotten. Last summer, the runaway Mexican oil well in Campeche Bay spewed 140 million gallons of crude oil into the Gulf of Mexico, twice as much as any previous spill, triggering damage suits totaling $350 million so far. A small portion of it—roughly 4 percent—traveled with the northbound current across the Gulf to wash up on South Padre Island, just off Corpus Christi, and into Fish Pass, which leads to the fertile estuary Laguna Madre.

I saw the oil there some months later. Tar balls covered with sand and shell made the beach an obstacle course; sneakers were soon black, matted, foul-smelling. Great tar-mats—a hitherto unknown oil formation—wallowed in the surf. Two of them, several hundred feet long, lay in Fish Pass, half-buried in the sand like giant alligators. Infant shrimps and fish brushed past them, heading for open water. Cleanup crews removing the semi-solid oil had frequent attacks of headache, nausea and vomiting so that the operation had to be slowed and pregnant women and children barred from the scene. This was the first suggestion that the oil had not been purified by its months in the sun and sea. Initial studies showed a synergistic action producing new and even more toxic compounds.

After almost ten months the well was finally capped this spring. So too, apparently, was interest in understanding its effects. That is why some who remember Ixtoc call it the "Spill of Missed Opportunity." The opportunity, rare for oil spills, was the six weeks it took after the blowout for the oil to reach U.S. waters. This was precious time to prepare defenses and to undertake, for the first time, a complete collection of data on the coast before and after the spill.

Scientists with the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (N.O.A.A.) felt that this was a chance to assemble desperately needed information about the damage done by great quantities of oil at large in the sea. The N.O.A.A. and the Environmental Protection Agency proposed a three-year Damage Assessment Plan to examine the spill's effects on human health, on birds, fish, shrimps and

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all marine life, on beaches and sediments, on the Gulf Coast's $2 billion tourist industry and its $600 million fish business. It was to be "the first comprehensive evaluation of the total impact of a major oil spill on national resources." The plan went to the Commerce Department where N.O.A.A. is housed, was worked over for months and whittled down from a proposed $12 million program to one costing $1.1 million. And then, in the end, the Damage Assessment Plan was shelved. N.O.A.A.'s James Walsh cited belt-tightening, budget constraints and "the President's efforts to hold down Federal spending" as reasons the plan was never sent to Congress.

All that remained were some pre- and post-spill samples locked in N.O.A.A. freezers. The Department of the Interior, which is reputed to be safely in the oil company orbit, "found" $900,000 for analyzing them. It asked for and was refused access to the samples by Judith Roales, who was in charge of spill response for N.O.A.A. Roales, who stayed up nights on flying trips to Corpus Christi and gamely divided up inadequate funds to keep scientific inquiries going, has now wangled money from other N.O.A.A. operations in order to begin analyses of the samples. "Then we'll see," she says, admittedly discouraged. "How long should we beat our heads against the wall for Ixtoc?"

The answer to that question lies in what Ixtoc dramatically revealed about the state of the art of drilling for oil in the Outer Continental Shelf.

First, there is no completely safe technology. Some U.S. authorities blame Mexican carelessness for Ixtoc, but the record shows that it could happen here. There were forty-six blowouts on the Outer Continental Shelf between 1971 and 1978. Then there was the huge Ekofisk blowout in the North Sea and the recent collapse of an installation there, which killed almost 200 workers. Transporting oil isn't safe either; the tanker *Amoco Cadiz* spilled 68 million gallons in 1978, the *Argo Merchant* 7.5 million gallons in 1976, and there have been many smaller accidents.

Second, there is no technology capable of controlling a runaway well in deep water. Mexicans called on experts from many nations, including the United States, but months of effort to cap Ixtoc failed. The most advanced equipment could capture only about 5 percent of the leaking oil.

Third, there is no existing technology to keep oil off beaches, out of estuaries and marshes. Ixtoc oil went under and around Texas coast defenses. Some of it burned at the well-site, some evaporated on its journey north, but most of the 140 million gallons are in the Gulf, perhaps penetrating bottom sediments, on coasts, in marshes, sand or mud or in tissues of marine life.

That there will be further oil spills seems clear. That is why the missed opportunity to assess fully and scientifically the costs of Ixtoc 1 was such a tragedy. ANNE W. SIMON

Anne W. Simon is a writer living in New York City and Martha's Vineyard. She is the author of No Island Is an Island *(Doubleday) and* The Thin Edge: Coast and Man in Crisis *(Harper & Row/Avon).*

Un Año Libre

Managua

To travel from Guatemala, where Government repression has driven political activity underground, to Nicaragua is to move from one era to another. Herewith some impressions of Nicaragua as it approached the first anniversary of the revolution.

The 1979 insurrection and ongoing revolution have touched virtually everyone and everything in Nicaragua. Signs of upheaval are visible almost immediately. At the airport a banner, *Bienvenidos a Nicaragua Libre*, greets travelers. A Sandinist soldier in fatigues addresses visitors as *compañero* as he expedites customs procedures. He elicits a sheepish grin from a German businessman who looks out of place in a custom-made suit and tie. The highway to Managua is lined with shells of bombed-out factories and ends at a plaza where the remains of the 1972 earthquake devastation are camouflaged by billboards and posters celebrating the literacy campaign and the martyrs of the revolution, above all Augusto César Sandino, assassinated in 1934. No living leader is so eulogized. The Sandinist National Liberation Front (F.S.L.N.) has clearly opted at this point for a collective leadership.

The visual symbols are colorful and dramatic, and they are everywhere. A Sandinist flag flies over the Bank of America, and posters ("Talk Less, Work More") hang from the bank's interior walls. Managua's barrios, or slum areas, reveal the war's destruction, but also the effects of a vigorous cleanup campaign. "The Sandinist Defense Committee here oversees it," a mother of nine children told me. "The trucks come every day to haul away trash barrels. Before there were no barrels, no pick ups, just trash everywhere."

Nearly all the major streets have been renamed, which makes it hard to find some addresses. Avenida del Ejercito (Army Avenue) has become Avenida de los Guerrilleros, and nearly every statue, street name, or other reminder of the Somoza regime has been removed.

In some barrios, modest monuments to fallen revolutionary fighters literally line the streets. Neighborhood heroes, usually teen-agers, have been memorialized in stone. The barrios' surviving *muchachos* proudly but modestly describe their triumphant insurrection last summer against Somoza's National Guard troops. In Monimbó, an especially hard-hit barrio in Masaya, some eighteen miles southeast of Managua, two workers matter-of-factly told how hundreds of people there were killed by the National Guard's 500-pound concussion bombs, rockets and .50-caliber machine-gun fire. "We dug trenches and lived in them as we fought with pistols against those madmen," they said. Now long ditches for sewer pipes have replaced the trenches; a grateful Government is giving Monimbó its due.

Each neighborhood seems to have a new health clinic and a Government-sponsored literacy center. At the Julio Buitrago sugar refinery and farm (expropriated from Somoza and renamed for a war martyr) on the coast west of

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Managua, twenty young women, on a six-month sabbatical from their own studies, shoulder their shovels and march off for a day's work cleaning the cemetery. At night, the *brigadistas* will begin the long process of teaching cane cutters and refinery workers to read and write.

Everywhere, Nicaraguans seem to feel free alternately to praise and criticize the new Government of National Reconstruction. The complaints are often those of the average citizen against officialdom. "They keep demanding things of me," said an 18-year-old Sandinist fighter whose father provided sanctuary for fellow teen-age fighters a year ago. "They told me they'd flunk me in school this year if I didn't go to the country to teach literacy." A sugar-cane worker complains about the campaign against hard liquor. "We can only buy two beers at a time during the week," he says. "No one can get drunk anymore."

In general, the *muchachos* and their parents, the people who most directly participated in the war, seem satisified with the new Government. Most complaints come from those with more to lose. Reconstruction proceeds slowly, and middle-class people talk of high prices, food shortages and unemployment. Many who can afford to leave have gone or are preparing to go. Avoiding currency controls, they buy dollars at nearly double the official rate on the black market. Their views are articulated most vociferously by such business leaders as Alfonso Robelo, who resigned from the five-member ruling junta April 22.

In a recent speech, Robelo charged that the Sandinists are monopolizing the important Government jobs throughout the country and that they are mismanaging the economy. He claimed that the F.S.L.N. is indoctrinating Government workers with "openly Communist doctrines" and that the Government is committing "multiple abuses of authority." He warned of "signs of Soviet meddling" in Nicaragua. In an interview he told me he resigned because "I did not want to be even partly responsible for a totalitarian future."

In leaving Robelo's office, I was pursued by one of his employees who wanted me to know he thought Robelo was "well-meaning but misguided." "Poor people made this revolution," he said, "and poor people here are Sandinists." His view is echoed by others in the dusty alleys of Nicaragua's towns. "Robelo is looking out for his own interests," said one 18-year-old who had fought throughout the war. "He's a millionaire, and the people won't follow him."

Robelo and other dissident business leaders may not get support from the *muchachos* but they have the ear of U.S. Embassy officials. As strains between the private sector and the Sandinists in the Government become open breaks, U.S. officials do not hesitate to take sides. Echoing Robelo, an embassy analyst told me, "The Sandinists don't govern. They fight real and imaginary enemies all the time. They're always moving in a league of conspirators." Embassy officials also voiced concern over "growing numbers of Cubans in sensitive branches of the government."

The close relationship between dissident businessmen and the U.S. Embassy, and the strings placed by Congress on the U.S. aid package (for example, no aid can be used for schools where Cubans are teaching) infuriate many Nicaraguans. Foreign Minister Miguel d'Escoto, a Maryknoll priest, calls the U.S. attitude "insulting." Says d'Escoto: "The Cubans don't come here and tell us they're worried that the U.S. Embassy staff is so large. The question is not, 'Why are there so many Cubans here?' but 'Why have so few come to help from other countries?' " A soldier standing guard at the grave of F.S.L.N. founder, Carlos Fonseca Amador, gave a similar opinion. "We know what the United States has done to us," he said. "Your Marines occupied Nicaragua and created the National Guard. It is you we fear, not the Cubans."

This soldier regularly attends political education classes, and he can list the U.S. military interventions in Latin America carried out in the name of "anti-Communism." It is for their anti-Communist remarks that critics like Alfonso Robelo are most bitterly denounced in the F.S.L.N. newspaper, *Barricada*. Daniel Ortega, a member of the governing junta and of the F.S.L.N. National Directorate, told a press conference here in May that Robelo is following Somoza's example in warning of Cuban or Soviet "meddling" in Nicaragua. "To talk of a Soviet or Cuban presence actually exposes Nicaragua to the danger of [U.S.] intervention, of aggression," Ortega said.

A surprising number of Nicaraguans know that U.S. newspapers have carried stories favorable to Robelo and critical of the Sandinists. They resent the coverage given to detractors and the lack of attention given to the Government's considerable development efforts. Nicaraguans do not see themselves as chess pieces in a world geopolitical game, and they take offense at the view expressed by some U.S. Congressmen that they can be "won" by the United States, or "lost" to Communism. Inside and outside of government, people insist that a unique, purely Nicaraguan revolution is underway. "We have been gestating our Sandinist ideology for fifty years," says d'Escoto. "Our friends will be those who respect our right to build on that ideology."

In recent weeks the strains between the private sector and the Sandinists in Government have eased. After initial hesitation, Alfonso Robelo's Nicaraguan democratic movement joined the Council of State, a new government body which has representatives of virtually all the political organizations now active in Nicaragua. Arturo Cruz and Rafael Cordova Rivas, political moderates trusted by the Sandinists and the businessmen, joined the governing junta. Relations with the United States have also improved slightly. The long delayed $75 million aid package for Nicaragua was finally appropriated by Congress on July 2. As Nicaraguans celebrate the July 19 anniversary of their revolution, a fragile political unity still holds. The Sandinists say they want to maintain that unity as long as possible. ELIZABETH FARNSWORTH

Elizabeth Farnsworth writes frequently on Latin America. She was recently in Central America, reporting for The Nation *and San Francisco's KQED-TV.*

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VARIATIONS

CALVIN TRILLIN

When I read that Arthur Kretchmer, the editor of *Playboy*, was paid $520,734 in 1979, I began to realize what sort of money Victor Navasky, who edits *The Nation*, must be walking away with every year.

"I suppose Navasky's pulling down three or four hundred grand," I said to my wife, "by the time they figure in stock options and incentive bonuses and all."

"Don't be silly," she said. Could it be my imagination or is that a phrase she has begun to use more and more in my presence? Perhaps she was thinking that it hardly seems necessary to give bonuses to someone making five or ten thousand dollars a week in straight salary. I happen to know, though, that among the big bucks crowd, incentive bonuses are as common as Jaguars. Some years ago, before the days when a fair shortstop or a mildly klutzy orthodontist could count on commanding a hundred thousand dollars a year, I happened to be present at the annual meeting of the General Motors Corporation when the subject of executive salaries came up. Irving Bluestone, a vice president of the United Auto Workers, stood up to say, "I am constantly intrigued by the idea that men who receive a salary of $250,000 a year need some extra incentive to do their job well."

"Sure, people like Kretchmer and Navasky and the president of General Motors could coast along on a couple of hundred thousand all right," I told my wife. "But making those incentive bonuses is obviously a matter of pride with the heavy hitters."

"What does General Motors have to do with this?" my wife said. "General Motors makes millions of dollars. *The Nation* is always in the red."

"Maybe that's why magazines are always folding," I said. "They can't afford to pay the editors."

"Could this have something to do with that old complaint that Victor Navasky doesn't pay you enough for articles?" my wife asked. "You've been acting odd ever since that wheeler-dealer friend of yours told you that you're the labor in a labor-intensive industry."

"Not at all," I said. "It's a fact of life that the managerial class is well-paid to preside over the exploitation of the workers."

But paid $520,734 a year! It is true, I told her, that the information that editors make hundreds of thousands a year permits writers to understand them a bit better. A writer who sends a manuscript to a magazine and hears nothing one way or the other for weeks has always assumed that the magazine's editor has inadvertently let the manuscript in question slip through the cracks on the porch of his beach house. We now know that it is more likely that the editor has not been able to get to the manuscript because he has to spend most of his time consulting his stockbroker or getting himself out of soybeans and into frozen hog bellies.

On the other hand, the news that editors make that much money destroyed one of my theories about the book publishing industry. I had always assumed that the reason editors in New York publishing houses spent the central three hours of their working day in fancy midtown restaurants was that the industry's standard terms of employment called for a salary of $11,500 a year plus all the overpriced French food you can eat.

"Very clever of Navasky to go around in that suit he bought while he was working for G. Mennen Williams in Michigan in 1959," I remarked to my wife one day. "I suppose this way nobody would ever think of hitting him up for a grant or a wing on the Met or anything."

"Did it ever occur to you that Arthur Kretchmer's salary at *Playboy* is not typical of editors in general?" my wife said.

I was glad she asked. I had not had the opportunity to explain a fine point of free-market economics to her since she asked me why a machine tool that some manufacturing corporation had completely depreciated over a period of ten years still exists and I told her to ask her Congressman. Only the previous week, I had been hoping that she would ask me how long and deep I thought the recession would be ("It's too early to tell" was the answer I had prepared), but she asked me instead why I never seemed to remember to wipe the kitchen counter when I'm finished with the dishes.

"Well, they've got to be in the same ballpark," I said, using a phrase I had once heard a relentlessly colloquial economist use a lot during a television interview. "Let's assume, for instance, that Arthur Kretchmer is very good at his job."

"How, precisely, would somebody be good at editing *Playboy*?" my wife asked.

"Well, let's say he's good at keeping the readers guessing all the time, not knowing what to expect next. Say they have a photo essay called 'Girls of the Sahara' one month and everybody expects something urban and sophisticated the next month—say nude shots of the officers of the Daughters of the American Revolution and their daughters, with a patriotic motif—but he hits them with 'Girls of the Northwest Territory,' with a lot of trappers' wives and barmaids posing naked in the snow, and some of them literally frozen like ice sculpture. Hugh Hefner is delighted. He figures Kretchmer's earning every penny—$43,394.50 an issue. Even though Hefner could get Navasky or Kolatch at *The New Leader* or the fellow from *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* or any number of editors for only, say, three hundred grand, he's willing to stick with Kretchmer for an extra two hundred thousand. But what if he could hire Navasky for twenty-seven five? Why, if he could hire an experienced man for even a hundred and fifty or two hundred . . ."

"I think you should quit worrying about this, and go back to work," my wife said.

I got up and walked toward my office.

"What are you going to write?" she asked.

"A letter to Hugh Hefner," I said. "I have a few ideas about his magazine that he and I should probably kick around."

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ARTICLES.

A TORY EDUCATION

This Thatchered Land, This England

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

"Fortunately, in England at any rate, education has produced no effect whatever. If it did, it would pose a serious danger to the upper classes, and perhaps lead to acts of violence in Grosvenor Square." Thus Oscar Wilde's Lady Bracknell, in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Britain has just endured one calendar year of neoconservative governance, and Lady Bracknell would have little difficulty in living with comfort and security on Maggie's Farm. The slender influence of education on Tory policy is demonstrated daily. The old Keynesian nostrum, learned painfully over the decades, that high inflation and mass unemployment should not coexist, has been refuted in practice. We are in for a great deal more of both, and much else besides.

To deal with the boring and technical matter first: It was argued by Conservative monetarists, who based their policy on the doctrines of Prof. Milton Friedman and, to a lesser extent, those of Prof. Friedrich von Hayek, that a direct relationship existed between the excess money supply and the rise in retail prices. They claimed that retail price rises between 1967 and 1975 had been *identical* with rises in excess money supply during the previous two years (i.e., between 1965 and 1973). Their policy in office, of tremendous cuts in public expenditure, was designed to vindicate this "theory." Alas, the returns are now in on the last period. Between 1975 and 1980, retail prices have risen by *25 percent* more than the corresponding growth in excess money supply. This gap will widen on current projections, because in 1979, money supply only grew by 10 percent, and retail prices are certainly growing a lot faster than that.

This rather arid introduction is essential if one is to see what has happened to Britain under the stewardship of the New Right. Because the failure of their central policy has not deflected or deterred the Conservatives by one iota. As a result, unemployment and bankruptcy are climbing steeply; public services are being denuded; productivity is on the slide, and inflation is going great guns at an annual rate of about 22 percent.

There are changes, too, in what you might call the atmosphere. The idea of Britain as a family with the Queen at its head and various colonies as its junior relatives has never looked all that convincing. It tended to feature more as propaganda than reality even in the good old days. Now it's a joke in bad taste. The other day, the leader of the Conservative Party in Yorkshire, facing questions on the abolition of school meals, the growth in class sizes, the cuts in welfare and health provisions, said publicly that "Nothing concentrates the mind like a little poverty." The Minister for the Arts, when approached by London theaters, which face closure due to cutbacks, told them to seek commercial sponsorship (and thus increase the already depressing tendency to put on trashy and low-risk shows). The Minister for Industry has announced that from now on strikers will have their family allowances reduced as an encouragement to return to work. The Minister for Education, admitting that many schools were now having trouble buying and replacing textbooks, suggested that parents should get together and buy the books themselves. All these exhortations help to create the right spirit.

Of course, not everybody is affected by the new mood of belt-tightening austerity. The New Right strategy relies heavily on tax cuts for its effect, and those with incomes already very high have been given two windfalls in two successive budgets. The theory is that this will provide "incentives for investment." In fact, it has led to the storing of much money in foreign bank accounts (since exchange controls have been thoughtfully abolished as well) and to the occasional speculative investment in property and luxury goods. But all figures show that investment in industry is at an all-time low.

Others, too, have escaped the general imperative of cuts in expenditure. The Royal Family has been given an increase

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DRAWINGS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

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of several million pounds in its personal allowance. The police pay claim has been met in full. Two million pounds was paid by the Government to a New York bank in return for the loan of one of its directors—Ian McGregor—to come and preside over the run-down of the British Steel Corporation. The doctors received a 30 percent pay increase, while the hospital building program was cut in half (many of them had the grace to make an embarrassed protest at this tactless juxtaposition). The redundant Polaris fleet, with which Britain makes her fictitious claim to be at the "nuclear top table," will be re-equipped at a staggering and undisclosed cost (probably about 3.5 billion pounds).

The social consequences of this are unpleasant and rather worrying. During his amazing series of lectures, *Free to Choose*, which were transmitted on British television to a grateful nation for week after week earlier in the spring, Milton Friedman ventured the opinion that Britain's growing crime rate was the result of too much state intervention in the economy. The good professor and his wife were not around the St. Paul's district of the city of Bristol a few weeks later, when a riot devastated an entire swath of the area. But if he had seen the crowd of unemployed and ill-educated youths, many of them nonwhite, he might have had cause to reconsider. (Actually, knowing him, one imagines that he would say it proved his point.)

But in Northern Ireland, in the immigrant ghettos, and in some other areas where lifeblood industry has been closed, there is a real store of trouble being built up. The fact that Ulster was not exempted even from the harshest economic cutbacks, suffering as it does from the worst housing and the highest unemployment in the country, gives some idea of the shortsightedness of our new masters.

Not that the Conservative Party is absolutely deaf to the claims of reason and experience. Over Rhodesia, it performed the necessary U-turn away from disaster—as much out of self-interest as principle, but in good order and with relative tact [see Hitchens, "Reactionary Cheek," *The Nation*, May 26, 1979]. But to hear them talk, you would think it had been their policy all along. As Aneurin Bevan once remarked, reaction loves to wear the medals of its defeats.

It also helps to swell Margaret Thatcher's other chorus, which is that of old-fashioned patriotism. It has been some time since the British were treated to so many reminders of their national greatness. Every new issue, whether it is a row with the Common Market over budget contributions, or a vote on the Olympic Games, or a police operation against Middle East fanatics operating in London, comes to us in a gale of sub-Churchillian rhetoric. Jingoism is fashionable again, and the close relationship between Downing Street and the bulk of the national press is exploited every time that a flag can be waved. The ideological usefulness of this is easy to underestimate; very few trade union leaders like to be made out as "unpatriotic" and there is a general feeling that Britain has been denied her special and proper standing in the world over the last twenty years. But until Thatcher, most politicians were too embarrassed to make any capital out of the Union Jack. There are no reliable reports on whether or not this enhanced national pride has made the unemployed feel any better.

In the end, it will be unemployment that will make the difference, if anything does. "Monetarism" as a doctrine has been exploded already. In a recent lecture, Professor von Hayek said that "my friend Milton Friedman" had grossly oversimplified the quantity theory of money, and that the application of his policies would lead to such protracted misery that democracy might not be able to stand up to it. This astonishing rebuke has not made any visible difference to policy—and the slow hemorrhage of closures, bankruptcies and redundancies goes on. The coercions of the dole-queue, not the subtleties of the money supply, are going to beat down wages and "inflation." That is, if anything does.

There used to be an old Tory slogan that ran: "Treat 'em mean and keep 'em keen." As a means of disciplining the labor market, it worked all right for a time. After the traumas of the 1930s and the war, it was abandoned and replaced by the "welfare consensus" which, *mutatis mutandis*, has governed Britain since 1945. Now all that is forgotten, and history is being recast by Thatcher's speechwriters in order to show that welfare Toryism was nothing but an inflationary pampering of the work force. Imagine the right-wing diatribes against the "Leninism" of the New Deal in the 1930s, and you will have something of the flavor of Britain today.

The Labor Party and the trade unions are in a very etiolated and demoralized condition, so that Thatcherism has had a clearer run than it might have expected. But the destruction of the economic and productive base of the country, the continued coexistence of deep recession and high inflation, may cause a revolt even within the ranks of the Tories themselves. The quarrel between von Hayek and Friedman is only one herald of this possibility. Thatcher cannot govern forever by a mixture of the dole-queue and *Rule Britannia*. Still, her education is proving an expensive one—*pace* Lady Bracknell—for the rest of us to finance. Other nations tempted to succumb to neoconservative blandishments should study the British experience of what Robert Lowell once called, in another connection, "the reign of piety and iron." □

UNDERWRITING THE RIGHT

Public TV's C.I.A. Show

JOHN S. FRIEDMAN

One of this season's most popular public television programs was *Free to Choose*, written by and starring controversial economist Milton Friedman, among whose previous activities was advising the Pinochet Government in Chile. The show examines almost every facet of the free enterprise system except the source of the funding for Milton Friedman's series debut on

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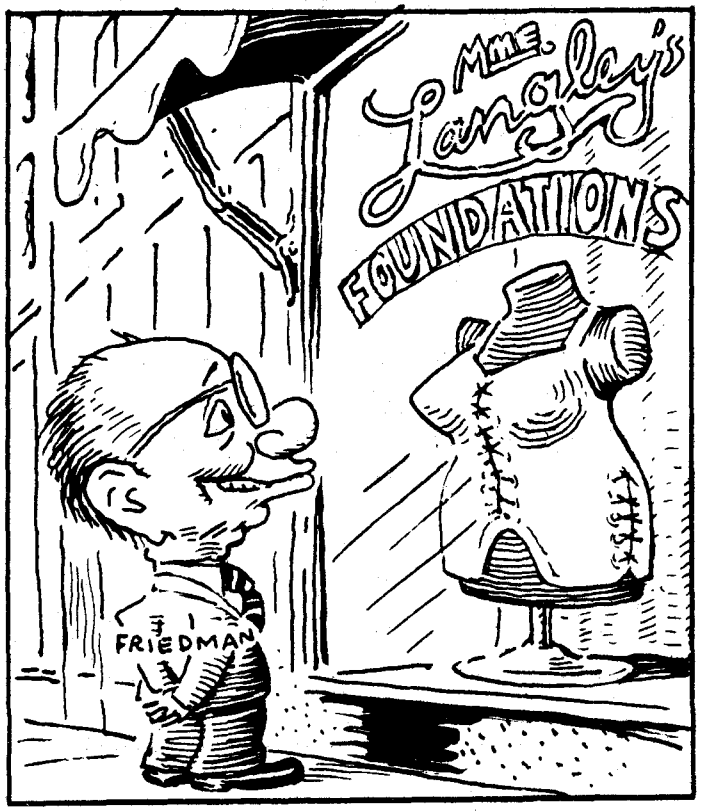
public TV. As far as the average viewer of *Free to Choose* could tell from the credits, the money was provided mainly by foundations rather than corporations; once again, it seemed public television had provided an independent forum for controversial programs.

But did it? If a program on the energy crisis were funded by the Mobil Oil Corporation or the Exxon Corporation, the conflict of interest would be obvious, but the ethical problems raised by foundation sponsorship of public television are less clear-cut. The general public regards foundations, for the most part, as charitable organizations functioning on behalf of some ill-defined public interest, and the foundation world has worked hard to foster this image.

But it is precisely this benign public view of foundations that has made them increasingly attractive "neutral" sponsors for controversial public television shows. Corporations and institutions whose images are tarnished now seek such "neutral" intermediaries to convey their views.

The Smith Richardson Foundation of Greensboro, North Carolina, is one such ideological middleman. This nonprofit foundation, which provided seed money (a small but crucial sum) for *Free to Choose* as well as for other programs of similar conservative hue, has had close ties to the Central Intelligence Agency and the Defense Department for many years. Its funding of programs dealing with foreign policy or domestic spending raises serious questions about what should constitute a conflict of interest. Of equal importance is the viewers' right to know the ideological leanings of the underwriters of such programs so that they can better assess their objectivity.

John S. Friedman is a Washington-based journalist. Research for this article was financed by the Fund for Investigative Journalism.



Raising money for public programs is as uncertain as panning for gold. Advertising isn't permitted on the system, which is partially funded by the Government. Producers of controversial programs have a particularly difficult task because underwriters are reluctant to support them.

One reliable and lucrative source of funds, however, has been the Smith Richardson Foundation. With assets of approximately $60 million, the foundation has, since 1975, given about $250,000 for public affairs programs on noncommercial TV: some $25,000 for Friedman's *Free to Choose* (the program's largest preproduction grant); about $105,000 for *In Search of the Real America*, which examined topics that included the C.I.A., defense and foreign policy; $50,000 to WETA, Washington's public broadcasting station, for a planned series, currently in limbo, on American foreign policy, and $40,000 for *The American Gift*, a series resembling *Free to Choose*, which was shelved because KERA, the Dallas public station, lacked sufficient funds. In nearly every case, Smith Richardson provided the most difficult money for producers to raise—seed money for preproduction expenses.

In addition, in 1977 and 1979, the foundation gave a total of $47,500 in preproduction grants to WGBH, Boston's public station, for a program on the C.I.A. The program grew out of research undertaken for an episode of *In Search of the Real America*, entitled *Two Cheers for the C.I.A.*

The new program on the C.I.A., *Night Watch at Langley*, supported in part by the Smith Richardson Foundation, is being prepared according to the program's promotional brochure while "Congress is considering what sort of limitations ought to be imposed on the C.I.A." A fund-raising letter reveals the producers' approach: "Rather than get involved in all the complexities of the past, we thought it better to look ahead and examine what role the C.I.A. might play when confronted with a crisis in the future."

Drafts of the story and teleplays are being reviewed by "consultants," according to the promotion brochure, who include William Colby, former director of the C.I.A.; Samuel Halpern, former C.I.A. executive assistant to the deputy director for plans; John Maury, former C.I.A. chief of Soviet operations, legislative counsel for Congressional relations and Assistant Secretary of Defense, and Cord Meyer, former chief of the C.I.A. covert action staff, chief of the London station and assistant to the deputy director.

Despite the fact that Smith Richardson Foundation money and other grants have not been enough to produce the program as yet, the initial biases of the project and of a key underwriter indicate some of the problems raised by Smith Richardson as a donor of such money for public TV programs. The more one knows about the foundation the more disturbing these problems become.

In 1935, the Smith Richardson Foundation was incorporated in North Carolina under the name of the Richardson Foundation. It was established by the late H. Smith Richardson, the son of the founder of the Vick Chemical Company. The company's name was changed to Richardson-Merrell Inc. in 1960 and the foundation, which is in-

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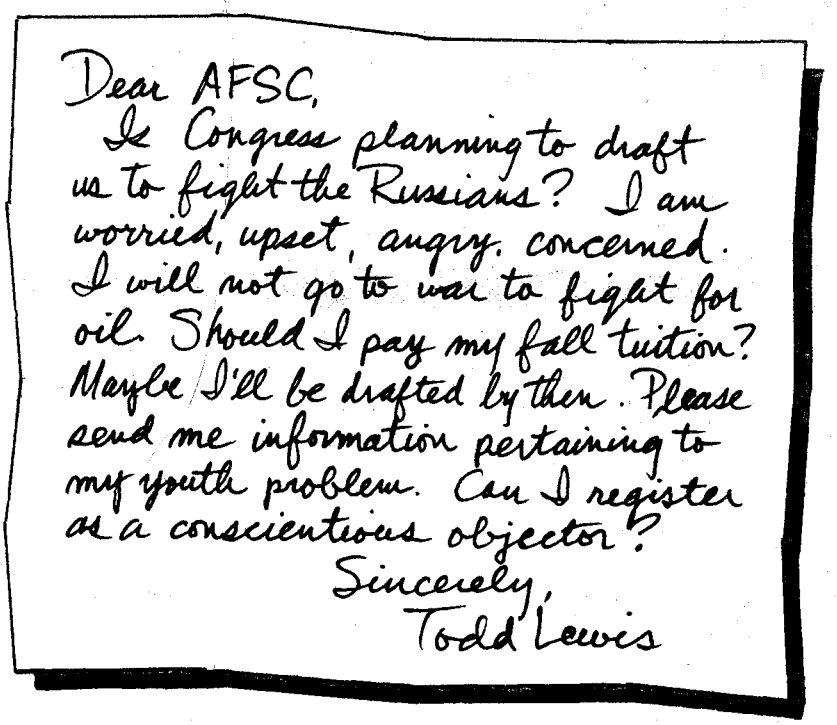
Decisions, Decisions. What can I do about Draft Registration?

Once more the youth of our nation are faced with agonizing choices:

- If I register, will I be drafted into the army?
- Am I prepared to kill a fellow human being?
- Will I fight in a nuclear war? A war without winners?
- Am I willing to fight for oil? To quell inner city riots?

THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE, a Quaker organization, helped thousands of young men all across the country during the Vietnam war with support, counseling and information about alternatives to the draft. Now our phone lines are choked and our mail heavy with letters like this:


Dear AFSC,
Is Congress planning to draft us to fight the Russians? I am worried, upset, angry, concerned. I will not go to war to fight for oil. Should I pay my fall tuition? Maybe I'll be drafted by then. Please send me information pertaining to my youth problem. Can I register as a conscientious objector?
Sincerely,
Todd Lewis

AFSC needs your help to respond to this overwhelming need. Send us a contribution today.

TO: American Friends Service Committee
1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102

YES, I WANT TO HELP WITH SUPPORT AND DRAFT COUNSELING

$ _____ Here is my contribution.

☐ I will write to Congress opposing the military draft.

☐ Please send me more data on the AFSC Draft Information and Counseling Project.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Contributions to the AFSC are deductible for income tax purposes (162EA)

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE
1501 Cherry Street
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dependent of the company, changed its name to the Smith Richardson Foundation in 1968.

In the early 1970s, the foundation established the Center for Creative Leadership, which described itself as an "educational institution devoted to the identification and development of innovative leaders." The center is a separate nonprofit institution but is funded, according to an annual report, "primarily by grant support from the Smith Richardson Foundation Inc." In 1978, the foundation gave the center more than $850,000 for general support, in excess of 50 percent of the center's total operating income.

The foundation has the same Greensboro address as the center, and both are run by the same people: R. Randolph Richardson Jr., president and trustee of the foundation, is on the board of trustees of the center, and his brother, H. Smith Richardson Jr., chairman of the foundation and trustee, is also chairman of the board of trustees of the center. In other words, the foundation and the center are linked historically, financially, geographically and administratively.

Although the center has provided leadership training courses for more than 100 organizations, it has had a special relationship with the C.I.A. and the Defense Department since its founding. For instance, the C.I.A. and the Army sent staff to the very first training programs offered by the center. In 1978, more than thirty-five high-ranking officers and some thirty-five C.I.A. members took part in center activities, and in the last few years, the center has transferred a leadership development course to the C.I.A., which the Agency uses on an in-house basis.

Still another connection between the defense establishment and the center is a multi-year contract with the Office of Naval Research for development of a management-simulation model. The contract, totaling about $130,000, is one of the largest single contracts awarded the center. In 1978, the C.I.A. and the Defense Department paid the center a total of about $115,000, which, excluding the contributions of the Smith Richardson Foundation, was almost 20 percent of the center's total income.

Finally, the Smith Richardson Foundation itself has other ties to the defense and intelligence establishment: several top-level officials, at present advisers or employees of the C.I.A. and the Defense Department, are among the consultants who review grant applications for the foundation.

When questioned about its connection to the foundation and the foundation's support of public television programs that advocate higher defense appropriations, a Defense Department spokesman said that the department "does not consider the underwriting of PBS programming by the Smith Richardson Foundation as a conflict of interest even though programs underwritten by the foundation may have been defense oriented." A spokesman for the C.I.A. refused comment beyond denying that the Agency is funding any programs on public television, adding that since 1977 internal regulations prevent it from providing "help of any kind to any media directed at the American public."

But at least one person involved with television programs supported by the Smith Richardson Foundation has been associated with C.I.A. media activities in the past.

Richard M. Scaife, chairman of the Sarah Scaife Foundation and trustee of the Scaife Family Charitable Trusts, was listed as the owner of record of Forum World Features, a news service, which a 1975 article in *The Washington Post* identified as being C.I.A.-funded. The Scaife group of foundations has given money to many of the same programs supported by the Smith Richardson Foundation: the Scaife Family Charitable Trusts made grants of about $225,000 for *In Search of the Real America* and $100,000 for *Night Watch at Langley*; the Sarah Scaife Foundation, administered by the same person, Richard Larry, gave $500,000, the largest grant, for *Free to Choose*.

The Public Broadcasting Service does, of course, have guidelines about funding for its programs. For most of its information about underwriters, PBS relies on the individual producers. Corporations usually receive far closer scrutiny than general-purpose foundations like Smith Richardson, and it appears that PBS's main concern is that a particular commercial product or firm not be promoted: PBS, for instance, disallowed a $1,000 grant from the Capezio foundation for a dance program because the program might have been construed as a promotion for Capezio dance products. More recently, PBS expressed concern about labor union support for *Made in U.S.A.*, a proposed series on the history of the labor movement in America, and asked that initial funds from unions be supplemented by assistance from other underwriters.

When informed about the Smith Richardson Foundation's longstanding ties with the Defense Department and the Center for Creative Leadership's links to the C.I.A., Barry Chase, director of current affairs programming for PBS and, from 1976 to 1978, associate general counsel responsible for approving underwriters, commented, "It strikes me as something not important enough to matter." (Neither PBS nor executive producer of *Night Watch* Austin Hoyt knew about the C.I.A.-Defense-Smith Richardson connections until interviewed for this article.)

Chase also pointed out that the foundation contributed less than 50 percent of the total costs of *In Search of the Real America* and *Free to Choose* and that the C.I.A. and

The War Called Peace

In early July, PBS televised *The War Called Peace*, a ninety-minute program principally about the Soviet Union. The show was produced by WQLN in Erie, Pennsylvania, which also produced *Free to Choose*. One of the panelists on the program was Frank Barnett, former director of research for the Smith Richardson Foundation and currently president of the National Strategy Information Center. The largest underwriter, providing 60 percent of the program's $500,000 budget, was the Carthage Foundation, part of the Scaife group of foundations in Pittsburgh. Its chairman is Richard M. Scaife.

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he Defense Department provided only a "small percentage" of the center's total funding. When asked about *Night Watch at Langley*, however, Chase said that Smith Richardson support "makes me a little more uncomfortable but I still find it acceptable."

Where, then, does Chase draw the line? On the one hand, he is adamant that the subject matter and the approach to programs be initiated by producers and not by foundations. Yet in 1977, Austin Hoyt wrote the following letter to Michael Rice, then president of WGBH: "The Smith Richardson Foundation has granted WGBH $7,500 to develop a proposal on the role of intelligence (of the spook variety) in America." In this case at least, the foundation would seem to have initiated the program and decided upon its direction. When he was asked to respond to this charge, Hoyt offered a different sequence: "The idea came from WGBH. Smith Richardson gave WGBH a small grant so we could develop a fund-raising proposal. This is far different from saying that Smith Richardson generated either the idea or the proposal." Leslie Lenkowsky, director of research and spokesman for the Smith Richardson Foundation, added, "We never tell producers what to do."

Conflict-of-interest standards are clearly violated when a producer sends a script to an underwriter. The mere act of sending a script to a funder "is journalistic interference," Chase emphasized. "It's an improper thing for a producer to do." He considers such an opportunity for editorial control "a violation of our most sacred principle, and the program ought never to be seen on PBS."

Yet in a letter of January 5, 1979, Hoyt wrote to Lenkowsky about *Night Watch*: "Enclosed is . . . the first draft of Ray Cline's story. . . ." And on July 13, Hoyt wrote again: Enclosed are the "first draft of episode one of our CIA drama" and "a treatment of episode two." Asked if this was improper, Hoyt explained that sending scripts was part of a "periodic report to underwriters to show what their money has gone for" and "there was no interference from any of the underwriters." Lenkowsky's comment was: "As underwriters we have every right to see the script. We did not ask for changes."

The Smith Richardson Foundation denies that it has done anything improper. Asserting that "we fund good, tough shows," Lenkowsky stressed that "we are not doing anything for the Defense Department or the C.I.A. within the foundation." Adding that it is an "oversimplification" to characterize the foundation as pro-C.I.A., he claimed that the foundation has "absolutely no control over the Center for Creative Leadership," and he emphasized that the center's income from the Defense Department and the C.I.A. is "only a small part of its annual budget." Nevertheless, questions remain since the Center for Creative Leadership, the foundation affiliate, received substantial funds from the C.I.A. and the Defense Department at the same time that the Smith Richardson Foundation was boosting these Government agencies through programs on PBS.

Obviously, PBS cannot investigate every underwriter in detail. But it can certainly scrutinize foundations as closely as it does corporations and labor unions. The issue is not whether conservative or liberal foundations are funding public TV programs. The issue is accountability. I am not suggesting that certain views that many may find obnoxious should not receive a public hearing (an anti-C.I.A. show, *On Company Business*, has been aired on PBS)—only that hidden sponsorship of controversial shows on public policy issues should be avoided by producers of public television programs. Viewers should, for instance, be as aware of the underwriters for John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Age of Uncertainty* (the Ford Foundation among others) as for Milton Friedman's *Free to Choose*. But a simple listing of these underwriters in the credits for the show is, of course, insufficient without accompanying information about who they are and what they represent. In view of the difficulty of communicating such information to people who are only watching television, perhaps the solution is the one suggested in *A Public Trust*, the recent report of the Carnegie Commission on public broadcasting: underwriters should give money for general support rather than for specific programs. □

C.I.A. Conduit

C.I.A.-conduit foundations were clearly involved in financing a noncommercial television program back in the 1960s. *Of People and Politics* (twenty-one weekly programs about the American political system) was televised in 1964 on WETA in Washington and WNDT (Channel 13), then the educational station in New York City. The series was based on research supplied by Operations and Policy Research Inc. of Washington, which in 1963 and 1964 received at least $160,000 in funds from foundations and trusts publicly identified as C.I.A. conduits.

THE BAATH CONNECTION

Playing the Iraq Card

FRED HALLIDAY

For the past few months there have been persistent rumors in Washington that the Carter Administration is interested in developing a new alliance with Iraq. At a meeting of the Council on Foreign Relations in March, national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski reportedly pointed out that Iraq is now becoming the most influential country in the Arab world, and on April 16 he declared that there was "no fundamental incompatibility" separating the two countries. Although diplomatic relations were broken off by the Iraqis after the 1967 Arab-Israeli War, this has not prevented U.S. strategic planners from speculating on a new collaboration. In it, Iraq, an increasingly wealthy and confident nation that is hostile to the Soviet Union, would exert an influence that other U.S. allies

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such as Saudi Arabia and Egypt cannot.

Certainly Iraq is becoming an economic power. Its oil reserves now stand at around 100 billion barrels, second only to Saudi Arabia's, and its oil revenues were estimated at $24 billion in 1979. Although its main trading partners are Japan, Germany and France, it exports 100,000 barrels of oil a day to the United States and has imported increasing quantities of U.S. goods, including Boeing jets. A number of U.S. firms are operating in Iraq, and the country is believed to have invested up to $5 billion in U.S. Treasury bonds.

Iraq has also become a significant diplomatic force in the Third World, playing host to the summit of anti-Sadat Arab states in November 1978 and concluding important if undisclosed security agreements with Saudi Arabia. Iraq is scheduled to play host to the 1982 Non-Aligned Conference and is using its oil revenues to provide aid to friendly Third World countries. But American interest is also piqued by Iraq's opposition to two other powers in the region which the United States strenuously opposes: the Soviet Union and Iran. Although the 1972 Friendship Treaty with the Russians is still in force, Iraq has become increasingly critical of Soviet policies in Ethiopia, South Yemen and, above all, Afghanistan. The Baathist rulers of Iraq have executed dozens of Communists over the past two years, despite the fact that the Iraqi Communist Party was supposedly a member of the Government. They argue not only that the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan might legitimate similar U.S. interventions but also claim, with some exaggeration, that the Russians could try to do the same thing in Iraq. As one official put it to me in Baghdad, "If Babrak Karmal can invite in the Russian Army, what is to stop our own Communists from doing the same thing?"

Relations with Iran have deteriorated seriously since Ayatollah Khomeini came to power and both Governments now broadcast appeals for the overthrow of the other. While Khomeini has given some clandestine support to the Shiite Moslem opposition in Iraq, the Iraqis have, since late May, provided military facilities and two radio stations for the Iranian opposition forces. There is little doubt that if and when these groups do try to topple Khomeini, the Iraqi Government will put its full weight behind them.

Finally, Iraq is, by the standards of the region, relatively stable. Although agriculture and industry are extremely inefficient, the regime's oil wealth has enabled it to spread social services to cover much of the population. It has ruthlessly eliminated all opponents (more than 100 executions this year) and used its money to create an apparently loyal party cadre. The President, 43-year-old Saddam Hussein, has concentrated power in his own hands. While no one in Iraqi politics can be absolutely secure against conspiratorial upheavals, the combination of repression, oil and strong leadership has certainly given the Baathist Government a semblance of political stability.

The major obstacle to a U.S.-Iraqi rapprochement is Palestine. In a recent speech, Saddam Hussein declared: "The United States is occupying our land because Israel occupies Palestine by the force of the United States. So long as the United States is occupying our land by means of the Zionist entity we shall always consider the United States to be an enemy of the Arabs."

Nonetheless, the Iraqis now maintain informal relations with America. Beyond the economic links between the two countries, the Iraqi Foreign Minister, Saadun Hammadi, himself American-educated, has met on more than one occasion with the former U.S. Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, at the United Nations. And the Saudis can act as an appropriate channel for any messages that one side might want to send to the other. But it would be a mistake for the United States to think that the Iraqi position on Palestine is mere rhetoric. It is deeply felt and also enables the Baathist leadership in Baghdad to present itself as the champion of Pan-Arab causes.

Baghdad and Washington have cooperated in the past in a number of ways. When a left-wing republican regime, backed by the Iraqi Communist Party, emerged after the 1958 revolution, it was opposed by the Baathists and by the United States. The Baathists and their allies toppled this regime in February 1963, and in so doing inflicted a bloody defeat on the Iraqi Communists. No one knows exactly what the level of U.S.-Baathi cooperation was, but many observers, including King Hussein of Jordan, have stated that the Central Intelligence Agency provided lists of Communists and their addresses to the Baathist revenge squads. The leader of the coup, the late Ali Saleh al-Saadi, put it more laconically: "We came to power," he said, "on an American train."

The Baathists fell from power in late 1963, and only came back for good in July 1968—again, there were reports of a U.S. hand in this coup. But there can be no doubt that by the early 1970s any bonds that may have existed were overshadowed by the C.I.A.'s new-found role in Iraq as supporters of the Kurdish opposition, a massive covert operation, mounted in collaboration with the Shah, that was designed to make Baghdad more amenable to Iranian demands. While it may be that, under pressure from regional developments, the Iraqis will choose to change their minds and re-establish some diplomatic links with Washington, there can be no easy reconciliation of their overall positions and no quick forgetting of the price in blood that U.S.-Iranian hostility forced the Iraqis to pay a few years back.

The best way of seeing the Baathists is perhaps as an Arab version of what the Chinese Kuomintang was in the 1920s: a strongly nationalist party, relying on, but not reducible to, the armed forces, hostile to any ethnic minorities and capable of turning on its Communist allies when the right

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moment came. If such a party proves to be an unreliable partner for the Soviet Union, it is also an awkward associate for the United States, even if Washington is now willing to ignore the Baghdad Government's human-rights record. Events may in time force the Baathists to choose, as they did the Kuomintang, but any hopes in Washington of a quick end to Iraqi suspicion are unlikely to be satisfied. □

SCIENCE AS PROPAGANDA

Mobil-izing Against Gasohol

FRED J. COOK

Mobil Oil Corporation, which has for years been playing propaganda games on the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times,* set a new record for gall on June 19 when it ran an attack on gasohol in an editorial thinly disguised as an advertisement. The attack came at precisely the moment when Mobil's role was being thoroughly discredited in two days of hearings in Washington—hearings which, of course, *The Times* did not cover.

Mobil has made it clear for months that it detests gasohol. The gasohol mixture contains 10 percent alcohol. This alcohol may be produced by farmers, by independent distilleries, by converted breweries. It is 10 percent Mobil can't control, and it represents 10 percent of gasoline Mobil doesn't sell. Hence, Mobil's highly partisan interest.

The record at the time of Mobil's June 19 holier-than-thou effusion on the Op-Ed page of *The Times* should have been clear to the paper that boasts it prints "All the News That's Fit to Print." [See Robert Sherrill, "Mobil News That's Fit to Print," *The Nation*, January 27, 1979.] The scenario unfolded as follows: E. Steven Potts, head of the Alcohol Fuels Division of the Department of Energy, had directed a study that enthusiastically endorsed gasohol. This flouting of the corporate line raised hackles. John Deutch, then Under Secretary of Energy, was known in the department as a foe of ethanol and an advocate of methanol, which Mobil is anxious to produce from coal liquefaction. And so, in November 1979, Deutch asked the Energy Research Advisory Board to make a separate study of gasohol and give him a report in a month.

J. R. Milliken and Peter Stockton, researchers for Representative Virginia Smith of Nebraska, later documented what happened. David Pimentel, a professor of agriculture at Cornell University who had served briefly as a consultant for Mobil, was named chairman of the Gasohol Study Group. When Milliken and Stockton tried to find out how appointments to the group were made, the D.O.E. slammed the door, refusing to release relevant files.

The two investigators, not to be balked, interviewed D.O.E. staff members and even obtained some revelatory handwritten memos. These showed that Pimentel's first recommendation was that Paul Weisz, a Mobil executive for whom he had worked, be made a member. If Weisz couldn't serve, Pimentel suggested two other Mobil honchos. Obviously, a seat on this supposedly impartial, scientific study group was being reserved for Mobil. Milliken and Stockton also discovered that another seat was being reserved for a representative of the Boeing Company. This, they reported in a memorandum to Representative Smith, "raises serious questions about whether board members are selected for their personal expertise or for their corporate connections."

The result of such a setup, it would appear, was almost in-

Fred J. Cook, a regular contributor to The Nation, *won the Newspaper Guild of New York 1980 "Page One" Award for Crusading Journalism for his recent series of articles on energy issues. Research support for this article was provided by the Fund for Investigative Journalism.*

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evitable. The Gasohol Study Group produced a report harshly denouncing gasohol. It echoed all the criticisms Mobil had been making for months. It would take more energy to produce ethanol than ethanol could deliver; turning grains into alcohol would reduce our food supplies; subsidies for ethanol would ream the taxpayer; gasohol production would "intensify environmental degradation because of greater pressure for the use of land for grain production."

Under Secretary Deutch was apparently as happy as a bee in a hive with these conclusions. Without waiting for the Gasohol Study Group's findings to be approved by the Energy Research Advisory Board (in itself a violation of Federal regulations), he fired off a memo to Energy Secretary Charles Duncan Jr., urging a cutback in the gasohol program. Steven Potts was so incensed that he sent a memorandum to Duncan on May 1, advising the Secretary to disavow the E.R.A.B. report. Potts criticized the report for its "almost complete lack of scientific data or statistical facts" and for "obvious inaccuracies and lack of statistical basis in the projections developed by the group."

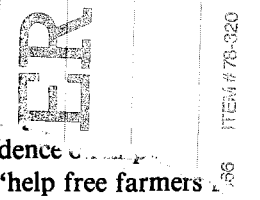
Since the Department of Energy is practically owned by oil company representatives and their hired flacks [see Cook: "Big Oil's Washington Subsidiary," *The Nation*, December 29, 1979], Secretary Duncan ignored Potts's advice and praised the E.R.A.B. report in a letter to Pimentel. On May 1, Deputy Secretary John Sawhill genuflected to the E.R.A.B. by apologizing for Potts's unseemly behavior. All of this was taking place despite the fact that President Jimmy Carter had enthusiastically endorsed gasohol in a speech in Iowa last January. He had promised to make Federal funding available for alcohol plants, and called for the production of 500 million gallons of alcohol in 1981.

This was the background—the President hauling in one direction, Secretary Duncan and Mobil in another—against which Mobil's June 19 effusion invaded *The Times*'s Op-Ed page. Mobil's paid-for column was headed: "Science and Politics Don't Mix." It attacked Barry Commoner for having criticized the E.R.A.B. report; it referred sarcastically to Jack Anderson, the syndicated columnist, as an "energy expert" because he, too, had been critical, and it lashed out at Senator George McGovern of South Dakota for calling for an investigation to determine whether "scientists with ties to Mobil Oil . . . would rob hundreds of thousands of American farmers" of the chance to profit from gasohol production.

"This is sheer nonsense," Mobil wrote in *The Times*. "While Mobil does not produce or market gasohol, Mobil dealers are free to obtain and sell it." That statement certainly skirted the truth, if it did not abandon it entirely.

On June 18, the day before *The Times* sold out its Op-Ed page to Mobil's flacks, a New Jersey Mobil dealer had testified in Washington that Mobil had tried to put him out of business the instant he began selling gasohol. Herb Staretz, a Mobil dealer in Passaic, testified that, the very day he got his first gasohol delivery last March, a Mobil representative took pictures of his pumps and later the same day a Mobil sales manager told him he would have to remove all his tanks and pumps and install new ones if he wanted to sell gasohol. Mobil, he said, "asked for the keys" to his station, threatened to cancel his lease and is still harassing him. His lawyer and Mobil's lawyers are talking, Staretz said, and Mobil has agreed to let him run his station until August 31 while it is rewriting his lease—a document whose terms, for all he knows now, may be so stringent as to put him out of business.

The Staretz incident was not the only egg-in-the-face development for *The Times* and Mobil. Mobil had cited Secretary Duncan as the ultimate authority for the sanctity of the Energy Research Advisory Board's anti-gasohol report. What Mobil and [illegible] didn't know was that Secretary Dun[illegible] Mobil tanker the day be[illegible] Alcohol Fuels Commissi[illegible] of Indiana, Duncan had members of the commissi[illegible] He had testified that he was [illegible] because it would "reduce . . . dependence [illegible] "improve [the] balance of trade"; "help free farmers [illegible] fuel constraints . . . "; "increase national security throu[illegible] development of decentralized and domestic fuels production capability"; "increase availability and stabilize the cost of motor fuel" (two statements enough to make Mobil shudder), and "assure affordable fuel supplies to farmers, thereby containing food prices to consumers."



Duncan was asked about the gasohol denunciation by the supposedly prestigious E.R.A.B., but by this time, the members of the commission, in view of his statements, were not inclined to be rough on Mr. Gasohol. The E.R.A.B. report, which Mobil was to cite the next day in *The Times* as the ultimate scientific pronouncement, was referred to in the embarrassed manner in which a neighbor might tell a father that his young son has committed a social offense by using the street as a bathroom.

"Science and Politics Don't Mix," Mobil had proclaimed in its Op-Ed travesty. It seems equally true that Big Oil money and editorial ethics don't mix very well on the Op-Ed page of *The Times*, often hailed as the nation's greatest newspaper. □

PROTECTING THE RETARDED

Willowbrook—Back to Bedlam?

ARYEH NEIER

Not long after Hugh Carey took office as Governor of New York in 1975, he signed an agreement requiring the state to resettle some 5,000 retarded persons in community residences and to provide them with education and services designed to enable them to live decently. That agreement settled a lawsuit filed three years previously by the New York Civil Liberties Union to

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challenge confinement at Willowbrook on Staten Island, the world's largest institution for the retarded. Until recently, the consequences of that agreement deserved to be considered one of the great achievements of public interest litigation. And Carey's part in that achievement warranted regard for him as among the most decent of high-level public officials. Now, with Carey partly to blame, much of that achievement is likely to be undone.

Willowbrook used to be one of the worst places on earth. A numbed visitor would come away searching for analogies—Dante's Inferno, the Black Hole of Calcutta, even Auschwitz—and ultimately discard them. None quite fit. Willowbrook was just Willowbrook, a place where a typical sight was sixty or seventy naked children or adults smeared with their own urine and feces, locked in a bare ward with nothing to do but fight with one another while a staff member or two watched television on the other side of a barrier.

When Carey campaigned to be Governor in 1974, he pledged that if he was elected one of his first acts would be to go to Willowbrook himself. He was elected and, shortly thereafter, toured Willowbrook with Bruce Ennis, the New York Civil Liberties Union attorney bringing the suit and now Legal Director of the American Civil Liberties Union. Ennis recalls that Carey was visibly shaken, especially when he discovered a man tied spread-eagle to a bed right where Ennis had predicted he would be because he had been there for years. The man was covered with flies, prompting Carey to demand exasperatedly of the staff whether the state couldn't even afford a fly swatter. After the tour Carey directed his staff to negotiate an agreement for the resettlement of the inmates of Willowbrook. That agreement, approved by a Federal court, is known as the Willowbrook Consent Judgment.

As a result of the Consent Judgment, nearly two-thirds of Willowbrook's inmates have been resettled in smaller institutions and in some 400 community residences in and around New York City. The majority of the latter are fine places to live. Willowbrook inmates who grew to adulthood without being toilet-trained or learning to dress themselves now live relatively normal lives. And, unlike thousands of ex-inmates of mental hospitals who are "dumped" in the outside world with no social services, they are not usually regarded as nuisances by their neighbors.

The Consent Judgment signed by Carey in 1975 is the key to the difference between the ex-Willowbrook inmates and the ex-mental patients. It spells out in great detail the state's duty to provide an adequate staff, physical environment, education, recreation, nutrition, dental care, physical therapy, speech therapy and psychological, medical and nursing services. It sets standards for the recruitment and training of personnel, specifies the procedures to be used in maintaining records on inmates, limits the use of physical restraints, establishes procedures for hearing allegations of abuses, regulates inmate labor and restricts the use of behavior modification, drugs, research and experimental treatment. Its most ambitious provision requires New York to reduce the population of Willowbrook to no more than 250 by April 30, 1981, by resettling the inmates in noninstitutional community residences: "a hostel, halfway house, group home, foster care home, or similar residential facility of fifteen or fewer beds for mildly retarded adults, and ten or fewer beds for all others." At least six hours of rehabilitative programs every weekday must be provided to all Willowbrook inmates and to former inmates resettled in community residences. The programming must be individually designed to help each person develop as normal a life as possible.

Though Carey signed this agreement because he was persuaded, and he knew that a Federal court was persuaded, that New York State could not escape responsibility for the deterioration of the retarded in its custody at Willowbrook. The state had a legal duty to help them to overcome the effects of many years of its grotesque mistreatment. If Carey had not signed the agreement, the Federal court would have ordered New York to take similar steps.

What has made Willowbrook unique, however, is not the agreement; court orders and consent judgments involving institutions for the retarded in Alabama, Maine, Pennsylvania and elsewhere are comparably detailed and ambitious. Willowbrook is unique because, up until now, the agreement has been carried out. (Not all of it. Among many shortcomings, the most important is that the requirement to reduce Willowbrook to 250 inmates by next April 30 will not be met.)

What has made the Willowbrook Consent Judgment work? The critical factor seems to be a review panel, which recommends to the state the steps necessary to bring about compliance. Its recommendations have teeth because it is empowered to seek the backing of the Federal court—a power that it has invoked repeatedly. The panel comprises seven members, three chosen by the plaintiffs, two by the state and the other two by agreement between the parties, all of them approved by the court. The panel employs its own professional staff. The cost of the panel and its staff is $342,000 a year, a trifling sum by comparison with the half-billion dollars a year that New York State spends annually on its Office of Mental Retardation.

New York's achievement in transforming the hell of Willowbrook into a great success is now threatened because the state has reneged on the commitment it made five years ago in the Consent Judgment to provide funds for the work of the review panel. In April, the finance committees of the state legislature deleted the entire $342,000 item from the state budget. Thereupon, Governor Carey took the position that although he personally signed the Consent Judgment and although he has considerable discretion in the way he can spend the half-billion-dollar state budget for care of the retarded and other sums duly appropriated by the legislature, the legislative committees had stripped him of the

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power to maintain the funding of the Willowbrook review panel.

Judge John R. Bartels, the presiding Federal judge, understood the significance of the termination of funding. "They cut my right arm off," he said in court at a hearing in a suit to restore the funding brought by the N.Y.C.L.U. "We cannot run the programs without the Willowbrook Panel. I cannot find out what is going on without the Willowbrook Panel. I cannot have it audited. . . . No one believes that it is possible or feasible, therefore, without the Panel the Court cannot operate or enforce a consent agreement action and the consent agreement will become a nullity and powerless." Bartels ordered Carey to come up with the funds to honor his 1975 commitment.

At that point, Carey had a choice. He could have obeyed the court. Any political problem he might have had with the legislature in circumventing the action of their finance committees was laid to rest by the court order. His alternative was to appeal and that was the course that he chose to follow. On appeal, Bartels's order was reversed. The appellate judges lacked Bartels's familiarity with Willowbrook and the central role of the panel in making the Consent Judgment work. Even more important, they apparently subscribe to the view that judges should play a severely limited role in seeing to it that violations of constitutional rights in state institutions are corrected.

At this writing, the chances of sustaining the review panel's work are not good. The Civil Liberties Union faces uphill battles in pursuing the matter in the courts and in trying to get the New York legislature to provide funding when it reconvenes in September. The only person who could surely save the day remains Governor Carey. The Court of Appeals upheld his refusal to provide funding from other sources but did not prohibit his doing so. And, even if Carey still maintains that he cannot provide funding, it is difficult to believe that the New York legislature would turn down such a paltry appropriation if he made a strong personal appeal for the funds or if he used the persuasive tactics that usually work when something matters to him. Finally, Carey has at his discretion $6 million in Federal funds for programs relating to the developmentally disabled, including the mentally retarded. State legislative approval is not required to spend this money to honor his commitment to carry out the Willowbrook Consent Judgment.

So far, Carey has not indicated any willingness to go to bat for the Willowbrook review panel. While he is known to take pride in what has been accomplished since he signed the Consent Judgment, he hears a lot of complaints about the panel from state officials who resent constant scrutiny of their work. And there is mounting opposition to the panel from state legislators who oppose the resettlement of the retarded in their districts. Perhaps the most important factor is that it is a long time since Hugh Carey toured Willowbrook and saw that man covered with flies. The memory may be dim by now and the great progress that has been made may cause him to believe that the panel is no longer needed. But Judge Bartels—who said "They cut my right arm off"—remains close to what is going on at Willowbrook. Unfortunately, he is likely to be right in predicting that the Consent Judgment will become a "nullity" without the review panel to see to its enforcement.

Hugh Carey has taken political risks on other matters affecting public decency, as in his repeated vetoes of death penalty laws and in his maintenance of state funding for abortions for poor women. He does not deserve to be condemned as inhumane. But it would be sad if he now abandons the state's weakest citizens: the retarded inmates of Willowbrook. □

Reagan

(Continued From Front Cover)

college could learn from the stage, the debating platform, the gridiron and the fraternity party the styles of manliness and verbal sincerity that would stand him in good stead when the time came to make his mark in the world. In fact, the easy, garrulous charm Reagan developed at Eureka got results very quickly. Graduating in the depths of the Depression, he had no trouble finding a job as a radio announcer.

We have these facts from a biography, *The Rise of Ronald Reagan*, by Bill Boyarsky, a California journalist, and from the candidate's autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?*, the title of which is taken from his most memorable line as a film actor. In the picture *King's Row*, he played the role of a young rake who is careless with his attentions to the daughter of a surgeon; when he lands in the hospital after a car accident, the vengeful surgeon amputates his legs. Reagan delivers the memorable line coming to after the operation.

It was when he became a sportscaster for WHO in Des Moines that Reagan's peculiar affinity for simulated life began to emerge. He was called on to describe baseball games played by the Chicago White Sox and the Cubs on the basis of Western Union messages telegraphed from the ballpark. These were characteristically brief—a hit, a walk and so on—but the chatty Reagan made an art of describing the game as if he were sitting in the stands, faking the scene in all its drama with only a sound effects man to help him. He became quite popular with the regional audience and did promotional work on the side as the station's celebrity speaker, giving talks to fraternal lodges, boys' clubs and the like, telling sports stories and deriving from them Y.M.C.A. sorts of morals.

In 1937, Reagan went to Santa Catalina Island to cover the Chicago Cubs in spring training. The proximity to Hollywood reawoke his collegiate ambition to act, and he managed to get himself a screen test. He didn't really expect anything to come of it but was offered a contract by Warner Brothers for $200 a week. An agent had persuaded the

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studio that he was another Robert Taylor. Considering that actor's negligible store of animation, one can wonder now at the inducement. In any event, the candidate acted in more than twenty "B" pictures before his big break came. In 1940, he persuaded Jack Warner to give him the role of George Gipp, the doomed Notre Dame football hero, in *Knute Rockne, All American*, a film about the famous football coach. His means of persuasion was a photograph of himself in his Eureka College jersey and helmet.

Subsequently, he was sanctified to play the role of a pubescent Shirley Temple's first screen beau in *That Hagen Girl*. There is no evidence that between takes they exchanged Republican philosophies. Thereafter his career ascended to such heights as the aforementioned *King's Row*, *The Voice of the Turtle* and *The Hasty Heart*; descended to the likes of *Bedtime for Bonzo*, in which the lead was a chimpanzee, and sank forever in *Hellcats of the Navy*, a black and white 1950s film about submarines. All in all, Reagan acted in close to fifty movies over a twenty-year period and the relevance of this achievement to a Presidential candidacy should not go unexamined.

With few exceptions, film stars in the 1930s and 1940s lived in a peculiar state of public celebrity and private humiliation. It was the primary condition of their fame that their worth was constantly under question. The studios had a lock on everyone and actors were punished and rewarded and otherwise dealt with as children by the paternalistic film moguls who held their contracts. Stars were property. In most cases their personal lives were as closely directed as their film lives. How and with whom they conducted themselves were the responsibilities of publicity departments. Their names were changed, and plastic surgeons improved their faces. All in all, they lived in that meld of life and art typecasting we call stardom but which is in fact self-obliteration.

Films were made then, as they are today, not by actors but by producers, directors and technicians. The working life of a star was tedium—waiting for the technicians to get around to them, doing scenes in no reasonable order, more often than not repeating them to the point of distraction. No sane adult could long take pride in this sort of mannequin work. Actors bloomed and faded, destroyed themselves in scandal, drugs and drink, gave themselves to public rebellion, or cultivated a rampant narcissism. A few even tried to produce and direct their own films. It is instructive that Ronald Reagan resorted to none of these stratagems of protest and self-expression. He seemed to agree with assessments of his talents as modest. He did not burningly aspire to serious acting. He followed the rules of the game, was easygoing and cooperative, made friends of influential gossip columnists and producers, sought contacts and acted generally the good boy, perceiving through the endless reaches of this devastatingly hollow life one salient fact: it was a good living. Perhaps if his talent had been greater or his need to accomplish something really worthwhile had been stronger, he wouldn't have lasted as long as he did.

At the beginning of World War II, Reagan, a reserve second lieutenant in the cavalry, was called up for active duty.

Here, presumably, was the occasion for reality to make its intrusive claims on the life of a professional fantasist. But he was assigned to the First Motion Picture Unit of the Army Air Corps and spent the war at the Hal Roach studio in Culver City. He narrated training films, one of the most notable being *Target Tokyo*. Saipan-based B-29 superfortress pilots preparing to firebomb Japanese war plants in Ota were shown—by means of special effects, miniature topography and traveling shots made from a moving crane—how the ground below would appear as they made their bombing run.

Only after the war did Reagan's life begin to attach to the nonfictive structure of things. He became active in the Screen Actors Guild and after a time was elected its president. Of course it was not exactly a blue-collar union that had on its rolls Gary Cooper, Spencer Tracy, future Republican Senator George Murphy and Republican Presidential TV adviser Robert Montgomery. Nevertheless, this was the postwar period of tough jurisdictional disputes between movie craft unions, one reputedly led by gangsters, and it was also the time when the House Un-American Activities Committee began to ask movie stars their opinions of the international godless Communist conspiracy. The candidate got a behind-the-scenes view of some rough politics. He seemed to like it well enough, testifying before the HUAC subcommittee and taking a militantly square-jawed stand on these matters of national urgency with the same kind of Midwestern good-boy appeal that was later to attract the attention of some conservative Californians looking around for a gubernatorial candidate in the 1960s.

The odd thing, though, was that while Reagan was devoting more and more time to being spokesman for the Screen Actors Guild, his career as an actor was going into decline.

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Paradoxically, he was getting more press and prestige as a union officer than as an actor. It is generally believed that this period of his life marked the transition from actor to politician. But in effect he was becoming an actor figure, a front for working actors, and though his activities were now clearly in the realm of the real, if insane, world, the personal quotient of pretense was still high. He was a union official pretending to be a successful movie star.

It was in this Pirandelloesque state of being that he married a fairly obscure M-G-M contract player named Nancy Davis. The circumstances that brought them together are worth noting. The daughter of an ultraconservative Chicago surgeon, Miss Davis became concerned when she began to receive mail from left-wing organizations in the early 1950s. She consulted the director Mervyn LeRoy, who suggested that they bring the problem to the attention of guild president Reagan. This seemed to Miss Davis a splendid idea—apparently she was happy to have any pretext to meet the handsome actor. The director phoned Reagan, who consulted union membership files, found that Miss Davis's name had been confused with that of another actress and gave her a clean bill of health. LeRoy, unlikely cupid though he was, suggested that Reagan bring the good news personally to Miss Davis by taking her out to dinner. Reagan complied, and it was in this manner, after giving her a loyalty check, that Ronald Reagan met his wife-to-be.

The final formative period in the candidate's history of self-realization is the eight years or so he spent as the face and voice of the General Electric Company, selling its products and benign motives to the American public on television. He introduced the weekly stories of the *G.E. Theater* and gave the sales pitch. But that wasn't all. When he was not on camera he went around to the G.E. plants, shaking hands with the assembly-line workers and giving speeches at middle-management luncheons. The chief executives of G.E. were at this time concerned about employee morale—not job security or better pay but a smile and a handshake from a movie star was their formula for improving it. In truth, it was this period and not his tenure as a union official that manifested the political content of the candidate's life and passion. He began to perfect a speech, the same speech he gives to this day with ever-changing topical references and gags to keep it fresh, in which all the nostalgia for his Midwestern boyhood—the ideals of self-reliance, hard work, belief in God, family and flag—came into symbolic focus in the corporate logo hanging like a knight's coat of arms behind the dais.

Peculiarly, his tenure as G.E. spokesman overlapped the years in which the great electrical industry price-fixing scandal was going on. While Reagan extolled the virtues of free enterprise in front of the logo, G.E., along with Westinghouse, Allis-Chalmers and other giant corporations, was habitually controlling the market by clandestine price fixing and bid rigging agreements, all of which led, in 1960, to grand jury indictments, in what was characterized by the Justice Department as the largest criminal case ever brought under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Three G.E. executives pleaded guilty and went to jail. The company was fined, and some people to this day think Ralph Cordiner, the chairman of the board, himself narrowly escaped prosecution. Reagan, of course, was totally innocent of all of this; and there is no indication his innocence was ever shaken by the news.

Even now, as the Republican candidate for the Presidency, he would probably be shocked if it were suggested to him that today the Horatio Alger hero is a multinational corporation. William Safire quotes him as saying that he doesn't want to use the word "ideology" in his speeches because the American people think it's a "scare word." More likely he doesn't think he should be unfairly tagged with having one. The pictures of him in the newspapers as often as not show him in his prewar pompadour, smiling somewhat quizzically at age 69, as if not quite understanding why others don't perceive the rational, logical, inevitable, but above all descriptive American truth of his politics.

Those journalists who have studied his years as Governor of California find Reagan's record was not all that bad—surprisingly moderate in many areas, and certainly within the normal range of the politics of compromise, the giving and taking between executive and legislative branches that keeps most governments of this country, state as well as Federal, in centrist balance. That may be encouraging to some, but of all his previous job experiences, as sportscaster of invisible ball games, studio actor, Culver City commando, television salesman, the governorship of California probably has least relevance to his Presidential candidacy. His own accounts of what he did in California are charmingly demagogic, as though he is seeking to prove that he was more conservative in office than he is given credit for. Some reports have it that he did not act like a Governor, that he went home at five o'clock in the afternoon and forgot the job until the next morning. He scrupulously kept his private life private—very odd in the American political tradition, where one's spouse, children, parents, sisters and brothers, medical problems and psychological difficulties are all grist for the mill. The impression is that he turned his Governor's persona on and off with a ventriloquial indifference.

The candidate has chosen not to travel abroad in the only available time before the campaign begins in earnest, because he doesn't want to give his opponents the chance to accuse him of trying to acquire instant expertise in his weak department, foreign policy. Always image-conscious, he has not thought, nor, apparently, have his advisers, that by going abroad he might possibly learn something.

In any event, the nomination is his who has pursued it giving pep talks and doing dinners and shaking hands and smiling and raising money and speaking simplistic fantasy for most of his adult life. One could write of the people behind Ronald Reagan, but that is another story. He has beaten the best the Republican primaries have had to offer—Senators and Governors, Cabinet officials, Congressmen—and the party that honored us with Richard Nixon will now offer him. Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you the next President of the United States. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Eloquent Compromise With Silence

RICHARD GILMAN

CORRECTION. *By Thomas Bernhard. Translated by Sophie Wilkins. Alfred A. Knopf. 324 pp. $10.*

German literature used to be a major source of pleasure and light; we have only to think of Mann, Kafka, Rilke, Musil, Brecht, all generous contributors to our consciousness at various times, pioneers of style and thought. Hitler and the war, of course, wiped out writing for a generation in Germany and Austria, and it was slow to resume. But it did begin again, gaining force during the last ten or fifteen years, and we have been strangely reluctant to acknowledge it fully. We pay attention to Günter Grass and, to a lesser extent, Heinrich Boll, but have only perfunctory interest in Peter Handke, perhaps the most interesting writer anywhere in the world after Beckett; know very little about the important new German playwrights like Martin Sperr, Wolfgang Bauer and Franz Xaver Kroetz; ignore Martin Walzer, a fine stylist, and dismiss a very talented writer such as Hans Joachim Shadlich (as John Updike recently did in *The New Yorker*). And how many of us have heard the name Thomas Bernhard?

Bernhard, an Austrian like Handke, is nearly 50 years old and for some time has been recognized in the German-speaking world as an extraordinary, if hard to classify, new fictional voice. Three of his novels have been published in the United States (several of his plays are in the process of being translated) and they have been almost totally ignored. The newest of his novels to be published here, his most important work up to the time of its appearance in Germany (1974), came out months ago with not even a mention in *The New York Times Book Review* or *The New York Review of Books* and, with the exception of an admiring and intelligent piece by Betty Falkenburg in the current *Partisan Review*, only scattered notices in a few small literary journals. This is in spite of the fact that this book, *Correction* (*Korrektur*), is astonishingly original, a composition of strange new beauty. Or, more likely, it's because of that.

Bernhard is difficult, to be sure, presenting the same kind of resistance to easy understanding that Beckett once did (and for many audiences continues to do) or as Handke does now. Allowing for wide technical and thematic differences, they are the writers whom he seems to me most to resemble, a more remote connection being to his Austrian predecessor, Robert Musil, and, still more distantly, the German Hermann Broch.

It is the acute sense these writers have of language as being radically untrustworthy, of one's having to outwit the words one uses at the same time that words remain the substance of wit and everything else, that distinguishes their work from our own more accepting, more straightforward literary practices. We have very good writers indeed but we have few—Donald Barthelme is one who comes immediately to mind, along with William Gass in his fiction if not his criticism—for whom writing is essentially, and not incidentally, an engagement with duplicitous and dissolving language.

Now, writers of every sort struggle with their materials and their means, with the recalcitrance of language in the face of experience or imagination, both of which are always subtler than words can be, but that is something else. To borrow and adapt a distinction Pirandello once made between what he called "historical" and "philosophical" writers, the difference I'm thinking of is between those authors who, whatever their difficulties, have an implicit trust in language and regard experience as both expressible and desirous of expression, and the others, the philosophical ones, who are forever questioning expression itself and making the matter in large part their subject. (For obvious reasons, poets tend always to be more aware of the problem than novelists.)

Such a condition of being philosophical in the sense I'm using (skeptical, judging the means of judgment) can come from a recognition of the besieged state of literature itself—its having become, as it periodically does, congealed, frozen into predictability and repetition, *false*—or from experience, from history outside words, although in practice it's hard to separate the two pressures. None of this is at all exclusive to the German-speaking world, but I think the present striking manifestation of avant-garde consciousness there (we see it in films and drama as well as fiction) springs from the special circumstances of a culture having been nearly obliterated or totally suppressed for a generation, from a greater discrepancy between events and the power of expressing them and, in the case of East Germany, from a language continuing to be made even more unreliable through official manipulation and bullying.

Thomas Mann's *Dr. Faustus*, written shortly after World War II, was, despite its essentially straightforward narrative style, the forerunner of German writing that questions the worth and very possibility of imaginative creation. Mann's "eloquent compromise with silence," someone called this novel, and the splendid phrase can serve for much of Handke's work and even more pointedly for Bernhard's.

There is one other element that has to be taken into account in any consideration of Handke and Bernhard, and that is the enormous influence on them of their fellow Austrian, Ludwig Wittgenstein. Handke's entire writing, if most markedly his earlier plays, can almost be read in the light of Wittgenstein's theories and dictums, his suspicions about language and sense of it as a deadly game, though this in no way diminishes the younger man's strength and originality. In Bernhard's case, the influence is simultaneously both more direct and less so; that is to say, he has a strong temperamental affinity with the great philosopher and has absorbed much from him intellectually, but his work is less a transposition of Wittgenstein into literary and esthetic modes, as some of Handke's tends to be, than it is a sort of parallel utterance running alongside the master's.

Should one not have known of the complex relationship between Bernhard and Wittgenstein, it would be estab-

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lished immediately by *Correction*, whose protagonist is in fact modeled in detail after the philosopher. All the basic facts of the latter's life are here, placed later in time (Wittgenstein's dates are 1889-1951, while the book is set roughly in the present). Roithamer, the central character, who has committed suicide just before the narrative begins, is a brilliant Austrian scientist—his work is in genetic mutations—who has spent much time studying and teaching in England, as Wittgenstein did. Like the latter, Roithamer inherited a large fortune which he quickly gave away; like him, he has designed and built for his sister a strange, austere house and, like him, too, his family has a history of suicide.

At one point, Bernhard tactically separates the two—"he thought he recognized himself in them, the writings of Wittgenstein, a native of the same region as Roithamer and always a keen observer of Roithamer's regional landscape." But the identity is beyond question. Besides the physical facts there are the psychic and temperamental ones: Roithamer has Wittgenstein's pessimism about human life, his intolerance for stupidity and lies, his neurasthenia and, as Norman Malcolm tells us about Wittgenstein in his memoir of the philosopher, his tendency to be "tortured" and "exhausted" by abstract thinking.

But, despite all this, *Correction* is no more a fictionalized biography of Wittgenstein than Mann's *Dr. Faustus* is of Richard Strauss, whose life it borrows. As Mann's novel is "about" the life of art and imagination, Bernhard's is about the life of thought. Or rather, it's a literary construction whose elements are the violence mental processes do to us, the unreality they bring about; it's a tale in which thinking is the tragic mode of being. The Wittgenstein figure, through whom Bernhard organizes his own experience and perceptions, has reached the limit of intellectual possibility, the way in an older literary mode the tragic hero reaches a moral limit. At this extremity the mind turns on itself: one can't go further or back and everything becomes problematic.

> [H]is entire existence is nothing but . . . incessant testing, in which he, the scientist, must incessantly examine what he is thinking at the moment, which should be everything, because unless one is thinking of everything at each moment one is not thinking at all.
>
> Approaching the subject makes it increasingly impossible to think through the subject we are approaching. We become absorbed in the subject and can no longer think it through, we can't even grasp it.

The structure of *Correction* is simple and austere. The book is divided into two parts: the first, called "Hoeller's Garret," and the second, "Sifting and Sorting." There are no other divisions of any kind, no chapters, no paragraphs. In the first section the narrator, a friend of Roithamer who has been named the executor of his papers, takes up residence in the home of a mutual friend of theirs to go over the materials. They are so rich in revelations of Roithamer's personal history and states of mind that he can't bring himself to edit them. "I won't change a line . . . in the morning I'll sneak up on Roithamer's legacy, I'll just sort of *sneak up* on it first, then I'll *sift* it and *sort* it." Besides his respect for the papers' integrity, the narrator, who knows well the power of Roithamer's mind, is also afraid of these papers. "I lived in constant fear . . . of getting involved with this legacy of his, I fully expected to be annihilated or at least destroyed, or at the very least to become permanently disturbed by it."

The novel's first section consists mainly in the narrator's memories of Roithamer and knowledge of his circumstances, filled out by the journals and notebooks. The second section begins in the same manner, but gradually the narrator's voice gives way to Roithamer's, speaking through the papers. At first one scarcely notices the change; the narrator follows certain remarks with "Roithamer wrote" or "Roithamer's words," but then he begins to use the locution "so Roithamer": "We consist of nothing but ideas that surface inside us and that we want to realize, that we must realize, or else we're dead, so Roithamer."

By this shift the narrator moves us more and more into the character's (Roithamer's) mind. But the narrator is also a character, of course, and the device serves to remind us of the *literary* action going on: Roithamer's mind at work, the narrator's, Bernhard's—three voices fused into a single expressiveness. In the end we and the narrator are fully inside Roithamer's head, obsessed with his obsessions, feeling his pain, aware of his awarenesses, and we feel "ruined," annihilated by the remorselessness, the incontrovertibility of such thought, the way the narrator had feared.

The substance of the journals and notebooks, the book's psychological and experiential eventfulness, so to speak, is composed of several intricately connected themes or motifs of which I can give only the most inadequate account here, so intimately bound up are they with the rhythms and urgencies of Bernhard's prose and so fundamentally different in intention from conventional fictional revelations of psychological reality. They include Roithamer's loathing for his homeland and for the town and estate where he grew up; his scorn for his bourgeois family, especially his mother; his determination to build a "perfect" house in the shape of a cone for his sister, the only family member he loves; the contempt he feels for most of what passes for intellectual activity in the world and, running through everything, the torments of his own despotically powerful and driven intellect, which gives him no rest.

Austria is "a permanent condition of perversity and prostitution in the form of a state, a rummage sale of intellectual and cultural history," where "everybody is always inclined to suicide, everyone feels he is suffocating because he can't change his situation . . . all have a keen sense of being handicapped by their birth." And Altensam, the family seat, "to me was one continuous darkening of the spirit; it had always tried to destroy me, the concept Altensam, destruction of my person, of a being at its mercy, defenseless, totally unprotected."

Gradually, the reader begins to grasp what Bernhard is doing, what instigates all this loathing and terror and what they serve. *Correction*, one comes to see, is no local, particular tale, not someone's pathological story but a profound meditation, or, since that implies a lofty detached enterprise, rather a literary invention violently suffused with thought, whose subject (if I can begin to do justice to it) is this: the fact that we are inserted into a world we haven't made, and consequent on that, the great gulf between what we are and what we are made to be, the effort we make to think our way through the discrepancy, together with the desperate inadequacy of the means we have—language. Two passages in particular

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may make all this clearer, and at the same time they convey some sense of Bernhard's style—its long rhythms, headlong pace and exact conformity to the exigencies of his consciousness:

> We enter a world which precedes us but is not prepared for us, and we have to cope with this world, if we can't cope with this world we're done for, but if we survive, for whatever constitutional reason, then we must take care to turn this world, which was a given world but not made for us or ready for us, a world which is all set in any case, because it was made by our predecessors, to attack us and ruin us and finally destroy us, nothing else, we must turn it into a world to suit our own ideas, acting first behind the scenes, inconspicuously, but then with all our might and quite openly, so that we can say after a while that *we're living in our own world, not in some previous world*, one that is always bound to be of no concern to us and intent upon ruining and destroying us.

> We had to live by strict rules in Altensam, rules made long ago for other people, for all those generations who'd lived in Altensam before us, rules not made for us at all, but we never had a chance to make and live by our own rules, nor by new rules made for us, so we constantly and on every occasion and non-occasion had to obey rules never made for us, rules that were decades behind their time, as everything in Altensam has from the start been behind its time. Because I understood this early in life I found myself in a situation which was constantly life-threatening to me, because I would not submit to those outdated rules and did not submit except under duress, even though the others always submitted, my siblings have always been submissive creatures, but I balked at everything.

Roithamer, blessed and cursed with intellect, has balked most crucially at being in a world made by *others'* thought. He will go to the end of an idea of his own, something beyond the generalized abstract thinking he does professionally. The house he builds for his sister is this wholly original idea, this queer cone-shaped structure erected in a remote and nearly inaccessible place. There has never been anything like it, and he has created it in accordance with his notions of his sister's tastes and character. But, once again, the intellect has led him astray. "The idea was to make my sister perfectly happy by means of a construction perfectly adapted to her person, so Roithamer . . . but what if she doesn't understand any of it?"

In fact she doesn't. As soon as it is ready she dies, "killed" precisely by the terrifying distance between what she is (we are told nothing about her, nor does it matter) and her brother's idea of her, the fanaticism of his attempt to *think* her reality and embody this in a palpable object. The gap is universal; we are always wrong about others, about everything, and it is the very language we are forced to use that creates this unceasing error and instructs us in it.

The sister's death reveals to Roithamer his extreme isolation and is followed soon after by his suicide. But in the notebooks leading up to that event he reassesses his attitudes and comes to an astonishing understanding. Earlier in the book the narrator had spoken of Roithamer's having "corrected" a manuscript about Altensam by writing and rewriting it until it meant the opposite of what he originally intended. Now, near the end of the novel, Roithamer takes up and extends the theme:

> Actually I'm shocked by everything I've just written, what if it was all quite different, I wonder, but I will not correct *now* what I've written, I'll correct all when the time for such correction has come and then I'll correct the correction and correct again the resulting corrections and so forth, so Roithamer. We're constantly correcting, and correcting ourselves, most rigorously, because we recognize at every moment that we did it all wrong (wrote it, thought it, made it all wrong), acted all wrong, how we acted all wrong, that everything to this point in time is a falsification, so we correct the falsification, and then we again correct the result of the correction of a correction. . . . But the ultimate correction is one we keep delaying.

And Roithamer adds: "Everything is always different from the way it's been described, the actual is always different from the description."

The "ultimate correction" he has spoken of is death. The papers end a day or so before Roithamer's suicide, which he has carried out by hanging himself in a forest. Betty Falkenburg has pointed out how appropriate the location is, in both a narrative and philosophical sense. For he has chosen to die in a clearing that he was greatly fond of visiting as a boy. He has gone back, retraced his steps, found his end in his beginning. The papers and the novel close with these words: "The end is no process. Clearing." Everything before the end *has* been a process, the mind at work, the restless, insatiable mind which deceives us. In the clearing he becomes cleared, emptied, the last correction of all.

The effect of Roithamer's "repudiation" of his own story isn't to instruct us, *Rashomon*-like, in the relativity of truth nor to undermine the novel's pre-

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vious meanings. For those meanings aren't, as I said before, detachable from the writing. That "the actual is always different from the description," for example, isn't an idea *about* truth but a proposition of the book itself. *Correction* is something exceedingly rare among novels of recent years: a paradigm of consciousness and not simply a product. That it's a consciousness of despair and hopelessness doesn't mean the book induces them in us. Bernhard has said that "the art we need is the art of bearing the unbearable," and his novel joins that small group of literary works which nobly help us to do that. □

The Big, the Bad, the Ugly

JEFFREY GILLENKIRK

HUMAN SCALE. *By Kirkpatrick Sale. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. 540 pp. $14.95.*

The scale of American life proposed in this book features economic systems and organizations controlled by the people who are affected by them. It includes architecture drawn for the pleasure of human vision, cities scaled to the human foot rather than to Goodyear's "Tigerpaw," worker-controlled industry and self-sufficient communities of approximately 50,000 people who practice direct democracy and develop useful jobs for advertisers. Kirkpatrick Sale's future is a wonderful compendium of Jeffersonian idealism and Shoshone practicality. He urges with good reason that we enter it immediately, or face certain economic, ecological and political ruin. But he refuses to say where we may find the rabbit hole to his smaller world of reason, a frustrating omission.

Bigness was central to the American plan as long ago as *The Federalist*, and it has survived populist plans more serious than this one. Ever since Madison, Jay and Hamilton argued successfully for centralized government in the interests of national security and uniform commercial codes, American business and government have grown steadily in tandem. Like competitive siblings, they have nicked and shoved each other on their way to the top, but at critical moments have always extended to each other the saving hand.

Sale leaves no doubt that these partners in bigness have created many of our current problems. Leaning on studies of animals and crowding, Sale attributes hypertension, alienation, depression, cancer, sadism, waste, cynicism, sterility and loneliness to crowded living conditions. Not surprisingly, *Human Scale* promotes the late E.F. Schumacher's dictum, "small is beautiful," with its American corollary: "big is bad." As Schumacher has done, Sale shows not only the insensitivity and irresponsibility of big organizations but their waste and inefficiency as well. With vigorous public relations campaigns afoot by capitalist giants, this book makes a timely appearance. An analysis of a McDonald's outlet in a "typical" city shows that only 17 percent of the revenue remained in the city that generated it, thereby draining the community, not sustaining it. Personal welfare, Sale finds by complicated calculation, increased a mere $1,885 for the average American between 1929 and 1965. With relentless documentation, big institutions are shown to be the crucial agents deforming our lives.

But is bigness the problem? A single-issue book such as this, which states that "wherever something is wrong, something is too big," leads inevitably to single or maybe single-minded solutions. Sale's answer to bigness is *smallness*—small, decentralized communities of 50,000 people, living harmoniously with one another and the land. This is sweet, but incredibly, Sale never discusses the rapidly increasing world population as a major part of today's bloated human scale and a crucial obstacle to the small, decentralized community. Nor does he address the network of commercial media that binds our culture in a hymn to bigness, nor the nuclear brinkmanship holding us hostage to cynical power brokers.

Many of us share Sale's desire to undo the mess America has become by embracing a utopian semirural community of neighborliness and peace. But the enormous obstacles to mass decentralization are unfairly underplayed here: control of the means of production by fewer and fewer hands; the increasing centralization of energy sources and power supplies; government subsidization of gigantism, and continued acceptance by the most humble American of the capitalist creed of growth.

In the past, small utopian communities have tried to survive within larger systems, with little success. Whether Americans will ever achieve the democratic tribalism called for in *Human Scale* depends upon how many join it, how much capital they bring and whether decentralized society is satisfying. I have some skepticism that decentralization will solve our problems as thoroughly as Sale predicts, unless industrialism itself is outlawed and modern babbittry is replaced with more humane values. Moving to the country won't change us. We've been there before. To declare that "communities that were in control of their own affairs . . . would almost certainly choose not to pollute their own waters or to permit local industries to do so" seems excessively sanguine as long as the American dream remains a commercial one.

Sale is principally a journalist, adept at charting trends with the tools of anecdote and statistic. America's rush to corporate oligarchy and our suffering under it are well documented. What is sorely lacking is the historian's perspective, the economist's measure and the social scientist's insight into why civilizations—whether beginning as democracies, soviets or city-states—centralize and rot from within. When Sale does enter history, myth and misconception often replace objective vision. He characterizes the "golden age" of Greece as "governed by the human scale, whose economic relations were ordered by the human scale, whose government was determined by the human scale." It simply isn't true. Athens under Pericles extracted tithes from no fewer than 300 foreign city-states, which formed its Mediterranean empire. The Parthenon itself was built with imperial extortion as well as slaves, and Pericles proved to be a precursor of Boss Tweed by devising the first system of public patronage to maintain his political power. The legacy of Greek scale and moderation derives from its art and philosophy, not its political economy.

What will ultimately keep *Human Scale* from becoming a major work is the author's unwillingness to envision *how* the new age of decentralized societies is to come about. "I can sug-

Jeffrey Gillenkirk is political correspondent for New West *magazine.*

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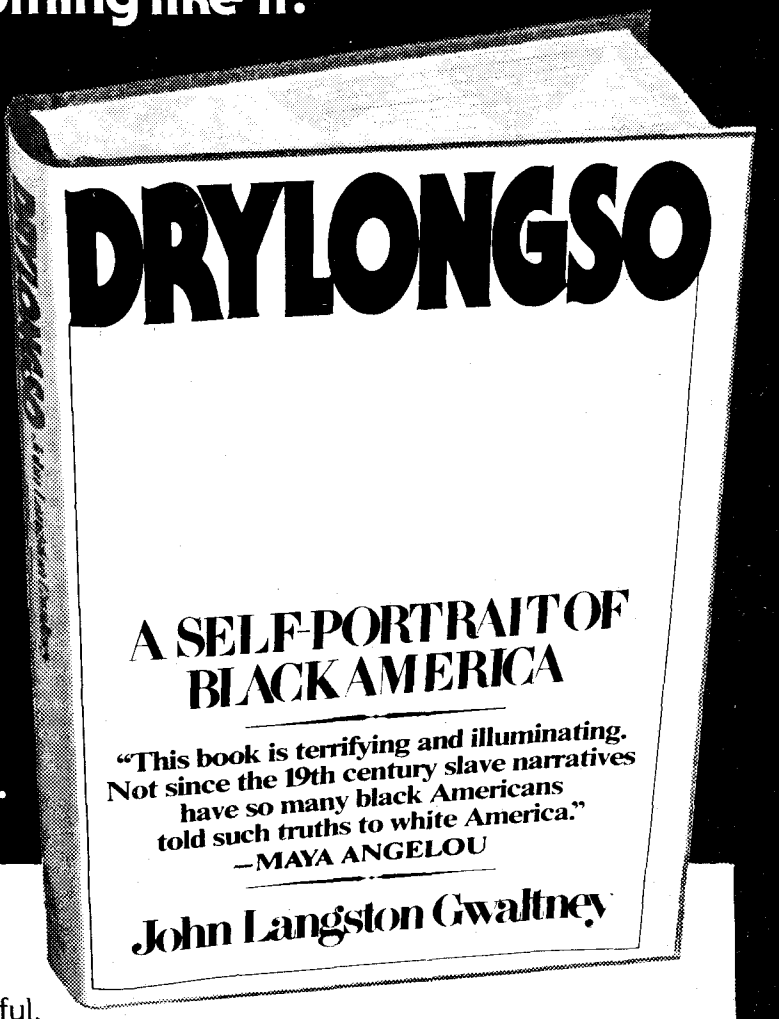
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gest a goal . . . but I could not suggest the way to get there," he concludes. "And if I did suggest one way, one answer, then immediately it would not be a human scale solution . . . rooted in people's own conditions." George Orwell once wrote that a liberal is someone who knows where he's going but not how to get there. It is a start, I guess, to at least know where we should be headed, but it would be equally useful to have some directions. □

Railroading Spiro

THEO LIPPMAN JR.

GO QUIETLY . . . OR ELSE. *By Spiro T. Agnew. William Morrow and Company. 288 pp. $10.95.*

When Spiro Agnew resigned the Vice Presidency seven years ago, *The Nation* editorialized, "It may be assumed that we have not heard the end of the Nixon-Agnew story; perhaps the former Vice President will, at some more tranquil time, enlighten us." And so he has. In his book about his fall, he informs us that he was framed by the establishment and forced from office so that when it then got rid of President Nixon there would not be so staunch a conservative as Agnew next in line. Nixon, the dope, didn't realize what was going on but either approved of or ordered or wasn't even told that his chief of staff, Gen. Alexander Haig, forced Agnew to resign by threatening his life.

Fearing "an automobile accident, a fake suicide or whatever," Agnew gave up his fight to stay in office and agreed to the bargain offered by the Attorney General to plead "no contest" to a single income tax charge, resign and not be charged on multiple fraud, extortion, conspiracy and tax counts.

So there you have it. Just like Dreyfus, whom the turn-of-the-century French establishment got, Agnew points out, an innocent man was railroaded from his career and disgraced.

This book probably isn't what the editorial writer of *The Nation* had in mind back in 1973. You may be laughing now. But in fact a lot of people are going to believe Agnew's version. I believe it. Not the innocent part. Even Agnew's highly selective recounting of what the prosecutors had on him will convince most readers that he was as guilty as James Thompson—"the loudmouthed Governor of Illinois," as Agnew puts it—said he was at the time. Agnew's belief that his removal from office was the principal goal of "the establishment" is absolutely correct. It was never denied. The Attorney General at the time was Elliot Richardson. He told the Baltimore prosecutors during the investigation, he told journalists just after the resignation and he repeated emphatically in his memoirs that he gave "greater weight" to the "urgency of making room for a new Vice President" than he did to seeing justice done.

Of course, Agnew has it wrong on why. Richardson feared there would be a constitutional crisis if you had an indicted Vice President and an impeached, crazy or dead President, any of which he thought was possible. So he accepted a bargain in which there was no unambiguous admission of guilt.

Richardson had a stake in the resolution of the case that had nothing to do with Agnew's guilt or innocence. He feared that crisis. The Baltimore prosecutors had a personal stake. Getting Agnew would be an enormous boost to their careers. The principal witnesses had a stake in what was transpiring. They were trading confessions involving Agnew for lenient treatment. Nixon had a stake in it, even if, as his Veep believes, he didn't understand what it was. And so on. I don't mean to criticize anybody on this list. But when so many people are buffeted by such unusual pressures not related to guilt or innocence, our justice system must place its faith in a trial. Twelve good men and true, with *no* conflict of interest, are supposed to decide the truth. That should have happened in Agnew's case. James Thompson was not the Governor of Illinois in 1973. He was a U.S. Attorney in Chicago. He looked over the Agnew files as a sort of expert but detached consultant before the deal was struck. Agnew doesn't quote him but this was probably what he had in mind when he called him "loudmouthed": "The strongest case of bribery and extortion I have ever seen. The man is a crook," Thompson said at the time. So the jurors would probably have convicted him, and promptly. Agnew says in his book that his own lawyer told him this could have been the outcome. Thus, whatever suspicion about the nature of justice, government and "the establishment" Agnew can inflame with this book would have been avoided. But what about the constitutional crisis? I believe the trial could have been over long before Nixon resigned. I base that on the time involved in other famous trials in the U.S. Courthouse in Baltimore before and since. Anyway, the evidence of Agnew's book is that he was petrified, because of Haig's threat (Haig admits the pressure but denies it was a death threat or anything of the kind) and his own lawyer's pessimism. He might well have resigned even before the trial began. □

Theo Lippman Jr. is an editorial writer for The Baltimore Sun.

Arab Feminine Mystique

IRENE GENDZIER

THE HIDDEN FACE OF EVE: Women in the Arab World. *By Nawal el Saadawi. Zed Press. Distributed in the United States by Monthly Review Press. 212 pp. $17.95. Paper $6.95.*

It is probably not inaccurate to claim that two recent images of women in the Middle East have deeply impressed themselves on Americans. One is that of Iranian women, clothed in the traditional chador, demonstrating by the thousands on behalf of the Iranian revolution; the other, of course, is that of the princess whose death was the subject of a controversial television documentary. Both images have raised a host of questions troubling to liberals, radicals and feminists. To what extent are these images representative of the condition of women in the Middle East? How can one explain, let alone condone, the reveiling of women in the midst of a radical Islamic revolutionary movement? For those familiar with North Africa and the Middle East, these twin images will not have conveyed the complex situation of women in Islamic

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countries. While few would dispute the fact that the interpretation of Islam is a factor in legislation concerning marriage, divorce and the legal status of women, it is not possible to consider the role of Islam outside the context of specific social and political conditions. The variability in interpretations of Islamic law and practice in itself suggests that factors other than religion are critical to an understanding of its impact on women and the family. It is the merit of *The Hidden Face of Eve* that it forces readers to confront this reality.

The stunning analysis of Arab women by the Egyptian feminist, novelist and doctor, Nawal el Saadawi, addresses the full range of questions which the subject raises. El Saadawi herself is no stranger to controversy. She lost her position as Director of Health Education in the Egyptian Ministry of Public Health as well as her post as editor in chief of the periodical *Health* as a result of her outspoken views. Writing about women in the Arab world, el Saadawi claims, "is like picking your way through territory heavy with visible and hidden mines." Reading *The Hidden Face of Eve*, it is not difficult to see why the Egyptian Government—eager to show the West a liberal face—would find her work fundamentally subversive.

The critical point in el Saadawi's interpretation is that the situation of women is not a women's problem alone. It is inseparable from the overall predicament of Arab society. She insists on the need for a historical and contemporary perspective to explain the perpetuation of patriarchal class society. This leads her to an investigation of the role of Islam and the uses to which it is and has been put by the state, and by Western governments that alternately denounce it as the source of fanatic intolerance and backwardness and simultaneously support its repressive power in the hands of reactionary regimes.

In response to Western feminists who have focused exclusively and too narrowly on the obvious limitations placed on women in the Arab world—and most recently on those in Iran—el Saadawi insists on the need to see these limitations in their proper perspective. This in no sense means an apologetic stance. One has only to read her bitter denunciation of the practice of female circumcision, as well as her discussion of the need for radical change in legislation pertinent to marriage and the civil rights of women, and also of the circumstances they face in the labor force, to recognize the deep-seated roots of her own militancy. Hers is nothing if not an attempt at the total demystification of the Arab feminine mystique. But it is the special strength of her analysis that she is able to place the struggle for women's liberation in the broader context of the struggle taking place in Third World countries. Hence, in the Iranian case, she pleads that solidarity on behalf of Iranian women be "exercised on the basis of a clear understanding of what is going on in the underdeveloped countries, lest it be used to serve other purposes diametrically opposed to the cause of equality and freedom for all peoples." □

The Storyteller's Story

DAVID FINKLE

MAUGHAM: A Biography. *By Ted Morgan. Simon & Schuster. 619 pp. $17.95.*

When R.W. Burda's *Clinemark's Tale* was canceled this year as a Book-of-the-Month Club alternate for reasons that hinted at its being plagiarized from W. Somerset Maugham's *The Painted Veil*, something didn't jibe; but when Burda defended himself by declaring the Maugham book to be "one of the hooks on which I hung my novel," borrowing a "commonplace, flat, trivial, traditional" situation "to turn it on its male-chauvinist-pig head," the truth seemed undeniable: *no one* in 1980 would embarrass himself before peers by plagiarizing Maugham. If anyone turns to him these days, it isn't to tip a hat but to thumb a nose.

Maugham, of course, recognized this before anyone else, having written in *The Summing Up* in 1938, "I have no illusions about my literary position. There are but two important critics in my own country who have troubled to take me seriously, and when clever young men write essays about contemporary fiction they never think of considering me." And, more vividly, "In my twenties the critics said I was brutal, in my thirties they said I was flippant, in my forties they said I was cynical, in my fifties they said I was competent, and now in my sixties they say I am superficial."

It's no wonder that, expecting the climate to continue cold, Maugham begged that no biography be written about him, a request that has been repeatedly denied, and now again by Ted Morgan, whose *Maugham* may well be the biography its subject most wanted to avoid, an account that will do little—because that isn't its purpose—to revise attitudes toward Maugham's *oeuvre* while revealing clearly what Maugham least wanted revealed, details of his homosexual life.

Why Morgan's account is so thorough hasn't to do so much with his expertise as a biographer, however, as with the possibility that Maugham is the man in history who knew the largest number of biographers, autobiographers, memoirists and gossips. Winston Churchill, Harold Nicolson, Edith Sitwell, Max Beerbohm, S. N. Behr-

David Finkle has written for The Village Voice *and* The New York Times. *He is currently working on a book of family reminiscences.*

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man, Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin all hung around with him and recorded incidents for Morgan to collate; and when Maugham's literary executor, Curtis Spencer Brown, added to this serendipitous bibliography by declassifying previously forbidden material and people, the success of the volume was clinched.

What feels like the entire story is here —his birth in Paris in 1874 into a diplomatic family; the early loss of his mother; the stammer (although it is impossible on the page to convey fully the stammerer's daily agony); the medical schooling and medical history; the determination to write and the sales figures; the fame as a dramatist—a series of plays not even he much cared for; the workday; the traveling; the bitterness of his marriage to, and divorce from, Syrie; the unfulfilling liaisons with Gerald Haxton and Alan Searle; the extravagant life at Mauresque as unpredictable host and canny art collector; the final battle with his daughter, Liza, over his will. (The particulars of Maugham *chez lui* are culled, the notes report, from an interview Searle vouchsafed to Patrick O'Higgins, a friend of the household; if O'Higgins, or Searle, have gotten these wrong, the book's intimate atmosphere evaporates.)

Morgan has put it all down—and often he has put it all down again, which becomes a large problem in a volume that, while comprehensive, is also excessive, redundant and often graceless. Did Morgan or his editor reread it? If either or both did, why is, for instance, just about every mention of Maugham's brother, Frederic, followed by the reminder that he was a barrister? Why are so many references to people who crossed Maugham's path occasions for bloating anecdotes (what bearing does Jeanne Eagels's having changed her name from Aguila, "the Spanish for 'eagle,' " have on a life of Maugham?)? For much of his career Maugham sent his galleys for correction to a popular London jack-of-literary trades named Eddie Marsh; would that Marsh had been available to Morgan.

The biographer's art, on the one hand forbiddingly complex, is, on the other, quite simple: like Maugham at his best, the biographer has a story to tell, and he can be judged successful if it is a good story and he tells it well. Maugham's 91-year life of grand accomplishment and equally grand regret is a staggering story, and if Morgan hasn't told it particularly well, he has, at least, told it all.

The unsparing Maugham ranked himself "in the very first row of the second-raters"; by this seating arrangement, Morgan can be placed in the first row of the third. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The Big Red One
The Blues Brothers
Airplane
Rockers

The Big Red One (the First Infantry Division, that is, nicknamed for its shoulder patch) is said to be a picture that Samuel Fuller has been wanting to make for thirty-five years. It is also said to be a picture that depicts World War II as Corporal Fuller experienced it in the campaigns from North Africa to Sicily to Omaha Beach, Normandy, to the forests of Czechoslovakia. If that is so, Fuller's war uncannily mimicked the battle films that were to come out of Hollywood periodically over those thirty-five years. *The Big Red One* looks as though it had been stamped from a die marked "men in combat; worm's eye view." Its personnel, not including countless expendable extras, consists of one highly professional sergeant, a retread from World War I, and four green kids whom he must bully and cherish and carry unscathed through one lethal trap after another. The sergeant's squad is always out in front of the action and rarely gets the support it can reasonably expect. Accordingly, its casualties are heavy and its flow of replacements so rapid that the four protégés scarcely bother to learn the new names.

The sergeant himself lands in a German base hospital and is out of action for a spell, but his chicks get never a scratch. These four have scenario invulnerability. "The real glory of war," Fuller has said, "is surviving," and that's a sensible remark from one who has been through it. But he takes such melodramatic pains to prove his point that after a time the inability of the Germans to touch one of his boys with bullet, rocket, napalm, land mine, tank fire or knife in the ribs becomes ludicrous. In any war some survive, but when you designate the survivors in advance your story must suffer from declining credibility. Before we reached Czechoslovakia, I began to suspect that the boys themselves had read the script: they take to kidding the newcomers about their small chance of survival; it's a cruel joke of a kind that you wouldn't expect from dogfaces who couldn't know whose number was up next.

Lee Marvin is the sergeant, a job at which he is cliché-perfect; he's like a well-grilled steak, burned bitter on the outside, but soft and warm under the crust and bleeding with compassion. However, I don't want to bad-mouth Marvin; he looks like a soldier, he moves beautifully and he didn't write the part. His boys are Griff (Mark Hamill, better known as Luke Skywalker), Zab (Robert Carradine, the junior of that clan), Vinci (Bobby di Cicco) and Johnson (Kelly Ward). Vinci is an Italian-American who expresses forceful resentment at doubts cast on the military zeal of his kind, but otherwise the group is refreshingly unethnic for a foxhole film. By the same token, it is dismayingly undifferentiated. One sees these G.I.s for the most part as pairs of eyes staring from beneath helmets, and though one of them smokes cigars through the hottest encounters, another is making notes for a novel and still a third carries a rubber cushion in solicitude for his piles, I can't say now which was which. Griff, to be sure, is a bit unsteady under fire, but he saves the day at Omaha Beach, thanks to a few encouraging near misses directed at him from the sergeant's rifle.

The dialogue of *The Big Red One* abounds in pregnant corn. An example: the Germans have set up an observation post in a French lunatic asylum (I won't take space to describe how Fuller thinks lunatics behave) and the indestructibles have been ordered to seize it by guile. One of them suggests that it might be better shelled. "It's bad public relations to kill the insane," says the sergeant. "But all right to kill the sane?" asks the bitter boy. "That's right," says the sergeant and they move in.

Fuller has an almost mythical reputation in movie circles for his ability to make low-budget films that strip a story to its gut reactions. *The Big Red One* doesn't look particularly cut-rate, with all those battle scenes, but it pulls reliably on the heartstrings. It is butch tough and tender as mother; it raises stirring pandemoniums of danger, inter-

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spersed by oases of calm in which the sergeant can demonstrate the American fighting man's traditional love of children. Overall, it suggests that there is something pretty fine about the great game of kill or be killed and that, as for World War II, we Americans won it. Given the benefit of thirty-five years of hindsight, a man might be expected to contribute something more profound to the subject than another variation on "Once more unto the breach, dear friends . . . ."

In these hot weeks the movies have taken to feeding off themselves: cannibalism it is, or parody, if you want to be serious about it. For instance, *The Blues Brothers* employs a nostalgia-for-Damon-Runyon plot wherein a pair of down-at-heels Chicago mobsters are given just forty-eight hours to raise $5,000 and save the orphanage in which they were brought up from being sold for delinquent taxes. (If you ask why the state of Illinois imposes real estate taxes on Catholic orphanages, you are not in the mood for *The Blues Brothers*.) The film is a musical comedy distantly related to *Guys and Dolls*, the brothers (John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd) being the unlikely co-leaders of a band that has been dispersed owing to the detention of Aykroyd in Joliet. The race is on when the pair begins careening through the Midwest countryside in a hopped-up police car, shanghaiing the musicians from more reliable jobs for a return engagement that will raise the money to save the home. This chase is a parody of a parody, being yet another spectacle of vandalism carried to the point of gargantuan destruction that for some time has been Hollywood's way of commenting on its own taste for violence. In the course of it, the Blues Brothers manage seriously to offend the Chicago police, the Illinois state troopers, the American Nazi Party and a cowboy country music band, so by the time they reach the tax collector's office they are followed by quite a posse.

This elaborate absurdity, written by Aykroyd and John Landis, who also directed, is only a mare's-nest in which to tuck the musical numbers. Belushi and Aykroyd are deadpan comics, and the sight of them, in their crummy dark suits, black hats and sunglasses, morosely punching out songs in front of a typical long-hair-and-beads rock band, struck me as funny. The film also employs Cab Calloway, who plays a character part as the orphanage janitor, but for one glorious scene is back in white tails, singing "Minnie the Moocher." Ray Charles also has a number, and Aretha Franklin, as the no-nonsense mate of one of the sidemen, raises the film momentarily out of its somewhat hit-or-miss clamor with a song called "Think" that would have stopped the show and brought down the house if she had been on a stage instead of on a screen.

The fact is that *The Blues Brothers*, though often funny and always good-natured, is a bit sloppy. It is not engaged in theater but in show business, a category that demands spectacular individual talent and a high gloss. The film has the talent, but the timing is uneven and the editing a bit indulgent. If a half-hour had been polished off it, it might have gleamed.

To give you an idea of the level at which *Airplane* attacks its subject, the pilot of the jet is Captain Oveur (Peter Graves), the co-pilot (Kareem Abdul-Jabbar) is named Roger, and the navigator is Victor, a word easily confused with "vector" on intercom chatter. Thus the over-Oveur, roger-Roger, what's the vector-Victor? confusion on takeoff is predictable. Also familiar, if you are conversant with films of disaster in the sky, is the food poisoning that fells most of the passengers and all of the crew on a routine trip to Chicago.

Airplane is an outrageous assemblage of sight gags, visual puns, send-ups of screen heroics and sentimentality, with patches of black humor that shock you into laughter. The jokes work maybe two-thirds of the time, but they come so fast that the duds hardly register. The message is the one conveyed inadvertently by most disaster films: there is nothing inherently desperate in the situation except the resolute incompetence and assertive idiocy of the people in charge. Released just when the proficiency of the air transport system is under skeptical examination, *Airplane* seems at moments as funny as an outbreak of typhus.

The film strays from the lethal buffoonery of its ptomaine-stricken flight to take potshots at the consumerism of the Peace Corps, the spurious romanticism of war tales from the Far East and the ghoulishness of mass-appeal journalism. Ronald Reagan gets slapped; so does Gerald Ford (Democrats are spared), and the aggressive flower cults that now harass air passengers get kicked all over the departure area. *Airplane* is crude, often coarse, but its intolerance of cant, pomposity and the tendency to put trust in authority figures should divert almost anyone except, perhaps, the medical profession, directors of sundry inferno epics and the executives of major airlines. It was put together by the team of Jim Abrahams, David Zucker and Jerry Zucker.

Rockers is a beautifully human, very funny, touching and ever-bouncy film. A reviewer can sit back and enjoy it, but it would take a cultural anthropologist to do justice to the complexities beneath its seeming simplicity.

It is a second film, less abrasive but more searching than *The Harder They Come*, about the reggae musicians of Jamaica. They are poor people, slum dwellers of Kingston, and for the most part they are Rastafarians, followers of Marcus Garvey, who worship Haile Selassie as the embodiment of the Almighty. They have made a music of their own, rhythmically seductive and often with subversive lyrics, which outsiders do not understand because these Jamaicans have also turned English into a language of their own. (The film carries subtitles, but they don't carry you far, unless you know, for example, that a "bag-o-wire" is a "betrayer," that "I-man" means "me" or "mine," that "feel no way" means "don't get mad," etc. The theater where I saw the film was handing out a sheet of translations.)

The star of the film is Leroy (Horsemouth) Wallace, playing, I presume, himself. He is a drummer and a peddler of 45 rpms that are made by his colleagues, since the larger "mafia" companies invariably rip them off. Leroy is a shambling man of exceeding grace, apparently irresponsible but proudly faithful to the tenets of his sect. He is resigned to injustice, slow to anger, but beyond a point he will stand and fight. *Rockers* is an account of what was done to him by "Mr. T" (the boss) and how, with the help of his band of friends, many of them sporting a cushionlike tam not unlike the hat often worn by the late Lion of Judah, Horsemouth got his sweet, witty revenge. The film was made by Theodoros Bafaloukos, and I wish I knew how a Greek won the trust of these sardonic, street-smart Rastafarians. □

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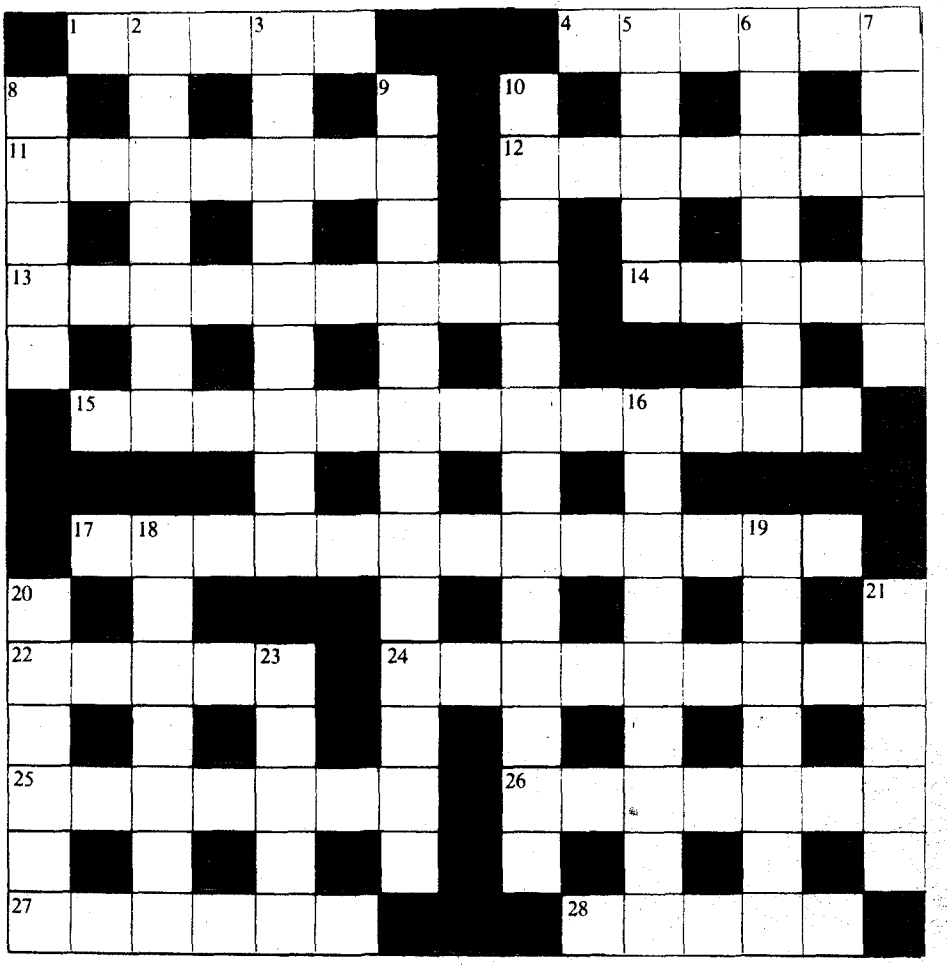
Crossword Puzzle No. 1830

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 What our British friends have when they try to make one embarrassed. (5)
4 Not down with a drawback to a higher position. (6)
11 Introspective, and backward in what might be a good stopping-place. (7)
12 Shorten a replacement for teeth. (7)
13 By implication, things are not even on foot. (One shouldn't ride so.) (9)
14 One might have them in front or back, and you might have one down to make a certain number of them. (5)
15 Altogether the so-called wild part of the country, and it leads to a tumble-down conclusion if cut in two. (6,2,5)
17 Completely worn out, and a lot of fun, eventually. (3,2,4,4)
22 Captain, losing at a sort of terror without cause. (5)
24 The French bear little people like you and me. (9)
25 Customers cut out by stencil. (7)
26 A job at first base, as they might say, could contain a few things for the sewer. (7)
27 Gets in trouble, but might make a good impression. (6)
28 The end of several months might be warm. (5)

DOWN

2 Arab, i.e., bound to be so. (7)
3 It's the gap caused by food! (9)
5 See 18 down
6 Perhaps to hold wood in conjunction with metal. (7)
7 However, a suit can also be considered so stylish. (6)
8 Very hot, that is, to cook around it. (5)
9 Rover might be, but no happy landings here. (2,3,8)
10 and 23 down Advice to those seeking independence, being potentially self-propelled. (6,4,3,5)
16 Where the saluting hand is brought as the glasses are filled. (2,3,4)
18 and 5 down Not an engagement-announcing affair for the girl who has made a good catch. (It might involve a ship-to-shore hook-up.) (7,5)
19 They usually don't fix such things, being what some do with a question about the Lab organization. (7)
20 Clove with the mace, for example. (6)
21 Our country had Germanic beginnings obviously—at least in common practice. (5)
23 See 10 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1829

ACROSS: 1 Budding genius; 9 Three; 10 Affection; 11 Echelon; 12 Rematch; 13 Agree; 14 Pressured; 16 Erectness; 18 Renew; 19 Offside; 21 Buffing; 22 Enactment; 23 Evita; 24 Keep the change. DOWN: 1 By the same token; 2 Dark horse; 3 Ice floe; 4 Grain; 5 Enforcers; 6 Incomes; 7 Swift; 8 On the downgrade; 14 Precedent; 15 Rendition; 17 Thistle; 18 Refresh; 20 Frank; 21 Bathe.

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